National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XV. NO. 21. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1854. WHOLE NO. 749.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY (ON SATURDAY),

At $2 per annum,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Pro-Slavery.

PROPOSAL TO INTRODUCE SLAVERY INTO ILLINOIS.

Correspondence of The Charleston (S. C.) Courier.

CHARLESTON, Ill., Saturday, Sept. 16, 1854.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In behalf of many of our best and most enterprising citizens, as well as in my own, I have thought proper to introduce, through you, a communication to our Southern friends.

It is now generally conceded by all parties that a majority of the legal voters of any State of this Union may, at any time, alter or amend their fundamental law so as to admit slave labour or abolish it, if thought expedient. Many of us, who have lived in Illinois long enough to test the comparative advantages that both systems present, are now prepared to pronounce openly our full and candid preference in favour of slave labour in all agricultural business.

Having been born and raised in slave States, we are prepared to judge by experience, after residing here and being actively engaged in the most important branch of industry for from fifteen to twenty-five years. We have discovered that the novelty of free labour is a mere empty humbug. Practical business men have hoped that it would get better as the country advanced, but the reverse is the fact. It is now more difficult to obtain men and women than ever before, and they are of much less account when obtained.

We have been endeavouring to learn the sentiments of our people upon this subject, and have been astonished to see with what unanimity they express themselves in favour of the introduction of slave labour. I have conversed with many of our best farmers, who were raised in the Eastern States, and they will give their hearty coöperation in effecting this object. The prospect of success is better than the most sanguine friend could have anticipated. When the vote was taken before, it was lost by a small majority against us, and I am satisfied now that a better and more favourable opportunity for bringing the question before the people than the present, cannot be expected.

We must carry this question at the ballot-box, and we therefore call upon all Southern men who desire to locate in the richest and most productive State in the Union to let Kansas and Nebraska go, they are not worth an effort, and turn every emigrant to Illinois. Send your young men here, who can remain here and vote. Buy out those who are opposed to our institutions, and let them go to more congenial latitudes. If, by our united efforts, we shall be able to carry our points, the Southern people will then possess the key of the Western world, the richest portion of the American continent. With Southern society, Southern institutions and Southern agricultural enterprise, Illinois would become the most lovely portion of the earth's surface.

I regard it superfluous to present the natural advantages that Illinois possesses, and the artificial facilities that have been completed and are in course of construction. Your intelligent readers are fully aware of the facts connected with her geographical character. It is conceded that she embraces a greater amount of rich soil, in proportion to her territory, than any State in the Union; with a surface favouring in a wonderful degree the construction of railroads, with rivers and lakes upon her borders of the most superior character, all combining to make her what she is destined to be, the brightest star in the American constellation. We want the Southern people, with their hospitality, their open, frank, independent character, their high standard of honour and integrity, their extensive and neat manner of beautifying a country, to make Illinois a home for all who have feeling and sentiments congenial with those of "the true Virginian gentleman of '76."

With the earnest hope that our Southern friends will aid us and enable us to effect our object,

I am yours and theirs,

DUMAS J. VAN DEREN.

THE DUTY OF UNION MEN.

THE questions which have hitherto divided the various political factions of this country are narrowed down into one startling issue—Will the passage of the Nebraska bill justify us in dissolving the American Union? Attempt to disguise the truth as we may, diversity of opinions and variety of belief have converged to this one point. We know that the trusty sentinel upon the watch-tower of liberty has often given warning of approaching danger. Those warnings were rendered necessary by the imminent perils which have gradually been encircling us, rather than by a spirit which cavils at imaginary evils. What course, then, is left for all lovers of the Union to pursue? Shall we array ourselves on the side of miserable Abolitionists, or shall we preserve our reputation unsullied. But do we magnify the danger which threatens the Union? No! No! Language is not capable of exaggerating it. Stern reality thrusts it before our eyes whichsoever way we look. Let us present the issue to the public in a few plain words. The recent Abolition Convention at Saratoga announced its determination that "all territory of the United States must henceforth be free territory, and all States hereafter must come in as free States." The Whig candidates, nominated at Syracuse, for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, &c., have yielded their adhesion to that doctrine in the most unqualified terms, so that, for the future, they must be classed among the radical Abolitionists. There is no longer a Whig party; it has sold its once honourable principles for a mess of pottage. Well, what must be the inevitable consequence, if this fatal doctrine is sustained at the North? Suppose a territory applies for admission into the Union as a sovereign State, and submits a constitution which recognises the existence of slavery within its borders. If that is made a cause for withholding the rights of sisterhood, will not a dissolution of the Union be the result? The South, fired with indignation at such an assault upon Constitutional right, refuses its assent to the admission into the Union of a territory whose Constitution excludes slavery from its borders. If, presenting an unbroken Southern front, they cannot win a sufficient number of Northern Senatorial votes to attain their ends, they can control the Senate by dividing and subdividing Texas, as they have a right to do. In that event, will not a dissolution of the Union be the result?

Abolitionism is playing with a two-edged sword, which will cut either way, and it behooves politicians to consider well the results before they assume the responsibility of handling it in earnest, instead of playing with it.

Granted that the Nebraska bill is an iniquity, are there not greater evils than a submission to it? At most, it can but extend slavery to every territory which may hereafter apply for admission into the Union. Before we can, under the lead of British dictation, pronounce *that* the greatest curse which can possibly befall us, we should compare the condition of the slaves with British serfs and free negroes. We should repeal the property qualification, which withholds the right of suffrage from our coloured population. We should admit them to our stages; we should assign them seats by our sides in well-cushioned pews; we should banish the gaunt spectre of famine from the hovels of the poor; we should contemplate the spectacle of a disruptured confederacy, and the atrocities of a civil war. For ourselves, we would rather see African slavery extended to every territory upon this continent than witness the triumph of foreign intrigue, the dissolution of this glorious confederacy. But it is not contended by simulated philanthropy that slavery will be extended to all, if any, of the territories of the United States. The Nebraska bill goes this length—no farther. It leaves the question with the inhabitants of the territory at the time they apply for admission into the Union. It is with them, as it is with the citizens of New York or Virginia, a question of State rights—a right reserved by the original States, when they surrended certain powers to the General Government. The Abolitionists know this, unless they are stupid as well as fanatical. They *do* know it, and they only disgust us with their clamour for the purpose of foisting trucklers into office whose principles have been made to box the compass. They are, unconsciously, demonstrating their belief in it, by their attempt to people Nebraska and Kansas with free men.

Now, then, what do we hazard by supporting the candidates nominated at Syracuse by the fanatical Abolitionists. Persons who are willing to make any admissions to secure votes; who consent to mislead the public by the doctrines proclaimed in their editorial columns, until something is to be *made* by a recantation! We hazard a dissolution of the Union, the peace of the country, civil war, commercial prosperity, the loss of liberty, and the triumphs of despotism. Monstrous results, to grow out of most contemptible causes. But as despicable as are the instruments of tyranny and fanaticism, they must be trampled under our feet. They have long enough perilled the peace of this country. It is time they were terribly rebuked; and to that end let all good men and true seal their condemnation at the ballot-box.—*New York Mirror.*

JUDGE BENNING AND STATE RIGHTS—DANGER OF THE UNION.

From The Charleston Mercury, Sept. 28.

JUDGE BENNING has delivered an opinion, in the State of Georgia, *affirming the independence of the Courts of the State of Georgia, in their decisions, of the Courts of the United States.* The Judge is a staunch vindicator of the rights and sovereignty of the States; and if reformation by words was practicable, would be a powerful supporter of those views of the Constitution which Jefferson and Calhoun put forth the resources of their gigantic minds to establish. But the day is well-nigh past for State rights, and State sovereignty, as matters of practical efficacy in the Union. The Courts of the United States will overrule any decision of any State, whereby the authority of the Courts of the States is put in conflict with their supremacy. And then what will Judge Benning's Court do? Submit, of course. And what will the State of Georgia do? Submit, too. And if this will be the practical result, of what avail is it to make an ostentatious show of rights, only to be trampled upon? If State rights and State sovereignties are ever vindicated, it will be, not by the lead or agency of the Courts of a State, but by its Government organization; and not upon mere questions of judicial jurisdiction, involving the rights of individuals only, but upon questions which strike at the welfare and security of all. The time was when the rights of the States could have been vindicated, without the dissolution of the Union. Those were the true Union men, who endeavoured to vindicate those rights, and to replace the Federal Government on its original basis—the sovereignty of the States. On this basis it might have lasted forever. But they failed—failed in '33, and again failed in '50. The Government has swept on its career of consolidation and national dominion. It has drawn into its vortex all questions of policy and all interests. It now arrogates authority, not only over the Courts of the States, but over their social institutions. At this moment, a grand anti-slavery organization is going on throughout all the Free States, to prohibit by Congress the introduction of slavery into any of our territories, or the admission of any more slave States into the Union. The Fugitive Slave Law, we suppose, they might consider as repealed by their illegal and faithless violence. These are the outposts to be gained, preparatory to the abolition of slavery by Congress. There is the great matter of conflict, in which all the Southern States and people must be involved. That will be the great occasion for the Southern States to vindicate their sovereignty. Will they do it?

And if they do, can the Union continue? Will the Free States, after all their arrogant pretensions to superiority, allow themselves to be checked in their career of Abolition? Will Fanaticism cease hunting its prey, and leave us at peace, with the Union resting on its original foundation—of a perfect equality between the States? Judging from the past, experience would declare that the South may submit, but the North will never yield its aggressive policy. The world has yet to witness any stay in the progress of anti-slavery aggression in its march toward Abolition. "*Nulla retrorsum vestigia,*" may well be its motto. In this last contest, which we deem inevitable, we doubt not that Judge Benning will be, as he has heretofore been, an able defender of the rights and honour of the South.

THE RE-OPENING OF THE SLAVE TRADE DEFENDED—MR. WISE'S REPLY TO DR. ADAMS.

From The Charleston Mercury, Sept. 19.

Mr. WISE'S reply has been published and attracts much attention at the North. It is full of his own warm blood, defiant, eloquent, headlong, sometimes exaggerated and confused, but abounding in original and striking views. He contrasts the condition of the African slave in the United States and Brazil, in regard to religion, civilization and physical well-being, with the African at home, and vindicates slavery and the slave trade by the good they have done.

One conclusion he comes to, quite unexpectedly to us. We retain a lively recollection of the turmoil he created, while Minister to Brazil, on the subject of the slave trade. In this letter he refers back to that matter, and draws an exaggerated picture of the horrors of the slave trade—a representation that is at war with probabilities, and with the general fact that the slave ships, unless where they are hunted down and driven to extremities by the armed cruisers of England and the United States, bring over their cargoes in healthy condition, with little loss by sickness on the way; we say, notwithstanding his own exaggerated sense of the evils of the slave trade, he declares unreservedly that all the laws against it ought to be abolished. They have not, he says, broken up the trade, and they have greatly increased its inhumanities.

He might have gone a step further, and shown that if Christian nations had not only forborne to persecute the slave trade and force them to become desperadoes and half-pirates, but had put them under the guardianship of wholesome laws and regulations, they might easily have relieved the trade from every stain of inhumanity, and made it as great a gain to the individual Africans transported as it has proved to be to the African race. Nothing would have been easier than to enforce such regulations. The great difficulty of making effectual the many laws passed by England and the United State for the improvement of the passenger trade, has been that the parties engaged in the transportation of emigrants had no interest in the preservation of the lives and health of the passengers. They were paid in advance, and the dead and wasted were as profitable as the living and robust. But the slave paid his passage only when he was landed, and paid much or little, just in proportion to his healthy condition. The interests of humanity and of the slave traders all urged the same objects, and it would have been easy to carry them out. But it seems predestined that professional philanthropy shall always play the fool.

SLAVERY IN TEXAS.—"The frequency of the escape of slaves," says the San Antonio *Ledger*, of the 31st, "into Mexico, has caused the proposition of a slaveholders' convention to be put before the public.

"One plan is, that the slaveholders, west of the Colorado, meet in Convention and organize a mutual insurance company, each one paying a per cent. upon each negro he may own, for the purpose of raising a fund. That the company, through their authorized agent, offer a standing reward for each fugitive slave caught, of a sufficient amount to induce men to incur the fatigue and risk attending the pursuit of fugitives. If such a plan is adopted, the number of escapes will certainly decrease. The reward that is generally offered, over and above what is allowed by law, is but a poor inducement for men to ride several days and nights in pursuit of fugitives, risking their lives and ruining their horses.

"But if there is a certainty of recovering one-half the price of each negro caught, the inducement would be sufficient to insure the arrest of fugitives, if within the limits of possibility. And if negroes are once assured that their chance is almost hopeless, and that they will be pursued to the very limits of the State, and even beyond, if such a thing can be done, they will be less apt to attempt escaping. And in case fugitives are killed in attempting resistance, the reward should be the same. This plan, if adopted, will do much toward preventing the escape of fugitive slaves.

"One thing is certain, unless something be done to arrest the escape of slaves, this class of property will become valueless in Western Texas. As yet but few of those escaping have been caught. This encourages others. If a few of them can be caught, at any price, and sent off to the cotton and sugar plantations of Mississippi and Louisiana, attempts at escape will be few and far between. Speedy action is loudly called for."

The *Ledger* adds: "On last Thursday night two of Major Dashiell's negroes got into a dispute, when one seized a large cedar club, with which he killed the other instantly. He then left. The next night he returned, took one of the Major's best horses, and started for Mexico. At Dunn's rancho, a Mexican attempted to arrest the fugitive, when he drew a knife and made at the Mexican, who shot him. This is the third negro Major Dashiell has lost in a short time—one running away and two killed."

SLAVERY ETERNAL.

IT is all a hallucination to suppose that we are ever going to get rid of African slavery, or that it will ever be desirable to do so. It is a thing that we cannot do without, that is righteous, profitable and permanent, and that belongs to Southern society as inherently, intricately and durably as the white race itself. Yea, the white race will itself emigrate from the Southern States to Africa, California, or Polynesia, sooner than the African. Let us make up our minds, therefore, to put up with and make the most of the institution. Let us not bother our brains about what Providence intends to do with our negroes in the distant future; but glory in and profit to the utmost by what He *has done* for him in transplanting him here, and setting him to work on our plantations. Let the politicians and planters of the South, while encouraging the "Baptists and Methodists" (and other denominations having a less number of votes), in christianizing the negro, keep their slaves at hard work, under strict discipline, out of idleness and mischief, while they live; and when they come to die, instead of sending them off to Africa, or manumitting them to a life of "freedom," licentiousness and nuisance, *will* them over to their children, or direct them to be sold where they will be made to work hard and be of service to their masters and to the country. True philanthropy to the negro begins, like charity, at home; and if Southern men would act as if the canopy of heaven were inscribed with a covenant in letters of fire *that the negro is here and here forever, is our property and ours forever, is never to be emancipated, is to be kept hard at work, and in rigid subjection all his days, and is never to go to Africa, to Polynesia,* or to Yankee Land (far worse than either), they would accomplish more good for the race in five years than they boast the institution itself to have accomplished in two centuries, and cut up by the roots a set of evils and fallacies that threaten to drive the white race a wandering in the western wilderness sooner than Cuffee will go to preach the Gospel in Guinea.—*Richmond Examiner.*

SENSE AND JUSTICE FROM CANADA.—We received this morning from Canada another proof that Abolitionism is by no means gaining ground at the North, either in Canada or in the United States. There are at least some in the former province who feel that class distinctions in favour of negroes are as unjust as those in favour of any others would be, and that fanatical attempts to tear down an ancient and beneficent institution, by calumnies the basest, violence the most savage, and robbery the most barefaced, are unworthy of men of mind and experience.

Mr. Larwill, a member of the Canadian Legislature, intimates that such are his feelings by having given notice, in his place in Parliament, that he will move the following amendment to the resolutions in reply to the speech of the Governor-General, at the opening of the session:

"That all the words after the word 'that' in the twelfth paragrph be struck out, and the following words inserted in lieu thereof: 'this House will gladly show a liberal spirit and friendly disposition towards the United States, for their generous conduct in legislating upon this matter; and that in proof of such disposition on their part the Provincial Legislature will hereafter exact from negro immigrants a poll tax equal in amount to that now imposed upon other foreigners—will not incorporate any associations for the special benefit of men of colour as a class, and will discourage the promotion of any institution the object and end whereof would be a junction with the Abolitionists of the Northern States, to bring about a severance of the American Union.'"

Whether there is any probability of this amendment being carried or not, we do not know. We confess that after our previous experience of Canadian antipathies, we should scarcely expect it to be adopted. Nevertheless, it is acceptable, as showing that the sense of justice and charity, even towards the Southern United States, is not yet utterly crushed among those who have been their blindest assailants and injurers. This little relic of it may yet ripen into fair and goodly proportions to the advantage of all interested, and not least to that of the slaves.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE *Texan Mercury*, published at Leguin, Gaudalupe County, has the following in its number of the 2d instant, on the revival of the slave trade direct with Africa:

"That there is no moral wrong in slavery is the assumption which lies at the very basis of that institution. It is the principle we establish when we show that both races are better under the influence of this institution than they are without, and, in fact, the intelligent mind of the South is fast approaching the conclusion that slavery—the union of unequal races in the constitution of an unequal system—is the normal condition of human society. *It is fast becoming the belief that to advance, society must be composed of two classes—the one to direct and the other to labour*—and that to the permanence of society in positions of advancement, there must be a division in its numbers; and not that division simply which springs from the necessities of the case, where one part is held above its natural position by the accident of wealth, where the other is depressed below its natural level by the accident of its absence—but a division which is natural, and necessarily results from the inequality between the races which are brought together. In this belief we heartily concur. The benefits and advantages which so far have resulted from the institution, we take as lights to guide us to the brighter truths of its future history. No nation on earth has been so favoured as has been the people of these Southern States. None has so increased in wealth and numbers—none has been so free from domestic broils and civil commotion. In none has the labouring class been so happy and so free from physical suffering, and in none, between the higher and lower classes of society, has there been so much of kind feeling and so much of mutual solicitude and independence. *To bask in the brightening beams of such an institution, to defend it, to praise it and pray for its continuance, and yet contribute ships and soldiers to prevent its extension and its spread to others than ourselves, is scarcely defensible upon any reasonable principle of human action.*"

THE Boston *Post* quotes with great gusto, even putting into italics, the following paragraph from that late Fillmore organ, the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*:

"Men are getting to look at slavery calmly, coolly, intelligently, with a juster appreciation than formerly of its actual progress and probable future. The result will soon be the utter destruction of the demagogue's and fanatic's occupation, so far as slavery is concerned. The whirlwind of agitation, which Gov. Seward, in his famous letter to some Boston folk in 1851, compared in its beneficent purifying effects to the blessed winds of heaven, cannot again be excited as it was then. Even *the acquisition of Cuba*, if it shall ever be made, though it may cause much warm discussion, and profoundly move the public mind, will not provoke the excitement and passion we have seen in past years. It is undeniable that the principle enunciated in the bill organizing the territories of Kansas and Nebraska; namely, that the actual population of a State shall determine under what institutions they shall live—is in accordance with the sentiment of the great majority of the American people. It has been acted upon by all, and underlies our entire theory of government and policy. It was asserted when California was admitted as a State into the Union, and when the territories of Utah and New Mexico were organized."

Selections.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And hear its voice of living thunder.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time,
Foretold by seer and sung in story;
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!
They pass'd, nor see the work they wrought,
Now the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom!
But the live lightning of their thought
And daring deeds doth pulse Earth's bosom.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, Empires, Systems, rot with age,
But the great People's ever youthful!
And it shall write the Future's page,
To our humanity more truthful!
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,
To waken at the name of "Brother";
And time comes when brain-scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Out of the light, ye Priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!
Aside! thou world-wide curse call'd King!
The People's step is quicker, stronger.
There's a Divinity within
That makes men great, whene'er they will it.
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Freedom! the tyrants kill thy braves;
Yet in our memories lire the sleepers,
Tho' murder'd millions fed the graves,
Dug by Death's fierce, red-handed reapers;
The world shall not forever bow
To things which mock God's own endeavour;
'Tis nearer than they wot of now,
When flowers shall wreathe the sword forever.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being!
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeing.
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our Life-cup yield more honey:
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And Love's own world, with smiles more sunny.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Ay, it must come! The Tyrant's throne
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted;
The Sword earth's mighty have leant on
Is canker'd, with our heart's blood crusted.
Room! for the men of Mind make way!
Ye robber Rulers, pause no longer;
Ye cannot stay the opening day:
The world rolls on, the light grows strong—
The People's advent 's coming!

—*Poems and Ballads by Gerald Massey.*

PROGRESS OF THE PLOT.

THE report of our correspondent at St. Thomas, published on Monday, announcing the success of Gen. and Mrs. Cazneau in their mission to the Dominican Republic, is confirmed by *The Washington Star*, and the correspondent of *The Courier and Enquirer*, both stating that a treaty has actually been made with the Dominican Government, by which the latter cedes to the United States the port of Samana, on the Bay of that name, with a strip of land. How large this strip is we are not informed, but that is a matter of little consequence. The main thing is that our slavery-extending, fillibuster Government is to have a foothold on that island. A beginning will thus be made, and the sequel of the drama can be pressed to its consummation with all practicable rapidity.

The Bay of Samana lies in the north-eastern corner of the island of St. Domingo. Its entrance, which looks out upon the Atlantic, is some twenty-four miles wide, and its waters extend fifty miles inland. In its centre, at some fifteen miles from Cape Raphael, which marks the entrance on the South, and twelve miles from Cape Samana on the North, are two islands, called the Grand Clevantados Keys, each something like a mile long, which effectually break the force of the external winds and waves, and render the anchorage within as secure as it is convenient. Indeed, it is admitted that there are few if any better or more capacious harbours in the world. On the north of the Bay stretches the peninsula of Samana, which, though rather low and marshy at its connection with the main body of the island, is a hilly and irregular extension of land, shaped something like a boot, and varying in width from four to ten miles. The port of Samana, which is said to be ceded to the United States, is formed by a cove some half a mile wide, and a little longer, which puts up from the Bay into the peninsula. How deep the water is we have no means of knowing, since no accurate survey of the Bay was ever made; but there is no doubt that the frigate Columbia, at her recent visit, examined the soundings, and found them sufficient for every purpose, or otherwise some other point would have been treated for. We believe there are a few houses there, occupied by wood-cutters, but on this head we have no distinct information; at any rate, the number of inhabitants must be very small. The region is remote from the settled portions of Dominica, being about 200 miles by sea, the only convenient mode of getting there, from St. Domingo City. To lose it entirely would be no serious injury to the Dominicans, were it not the prelude to some such performance as took place in Texas from 1836 to 1845, with the extension and confirmation of slavery in the North American Union as its great end and object.

The ostensible purpose for which we are to acquire Samana is doubtless for a naval station. As to this, it is enough to say, that we have no need of such a station. The ships we may employ in cruising in these waters are always near enough to our own ports to come home when necessary either for supplies or repairs. *The Washington Star*, speaking of course in its semi-official capacity as a confidant and paid advocate of the Administration, talks about our fortifying the peninsula as a sort of outwork to Cuba, with which we can forever defy all other powers that may presume to dispute our superior right to that object of our greed; but we should like to see a President calling on Congress for the vast sums of money necessary to fortify such a point in a foreign country, when our own rivers and harbours cannot be made safe and useful, and our coast defences are still unfinished, and likely to remain so. Besides, such a fortress implies a powerful garrison, with a big navy. Are we to be launched on such a course of policy and of expenditure, and by such a President and Cabinet as we are now favoured with, without a strong opposition in Congress and the country? We shall believe it when we see it.

The sole advantage to be gained from the proposed acquisition is that it gives us a starting point for the extension of our peculiar institution, with the ultimate annexation of the island. The more sanguine spirits may also look to bringing St. Domingo into the famous new Confederation, to be composed of our cotton and sugar growing States, with Cuba, Mexico and Central America, all blessed, or to be blessed, with slavery for associates, and Brazil for the first of allies—but this is probably beyond the views of Messrs. Pierce and Marcy. They are willing to enlarge the area of slavery, but don't mean to dissolve the Union, as do so many of their friends and coadjutors in this precious scheme. It is true we shall be told there are other benefits than those of niggerdriving to be reaped in Dominica. In the Cibao country, adjoining Samana, are rich mines of the precious metals, which have long ceased to be worked for want of enterprise and labour, but which Americans can reöpen; there are mighty forests of mahogany which await the blows of American axes; but these are things that we have enough of already, or can well do without. For them we should never go to St. Domingo, any more than we should desire to annex Cuba while it holds slaves. The truth is, that this new enterprise of Messrs. Pierce, Marcy and Cazneau is part of that endless plot for the aggrandizement and perpetuation of slavery, which has so long been in action and has cost the nation so dear in blood, in treasure and in reputation. We denounce it to the free people of the North and West. If they are not willing to be accomplices in so foul a wickedness, let them crush it at once and forever.—*Tribune.*

DOUGLAS VINDICATION AT GENEVA.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

GENEVA, Ill., Thursday, Sept. 21, 1854.

THIS has been a memorable day for Kane County. It had been announced for sometime past that the author of the Nebraska bill would address the people of Kane County at Geneva to-day at 1 o'clock, and great efforts were made to procure the attendance of persons favourable to him, and accordingly the Nebraska candidate of the First District, with a small body guard—the "Young America" of Chicago, with his Committee—and three or four from Dupage County, were gathered in from abroad, and from 1,500 to 2,000 of the sturdy men of Kane assembled, to whom Mr. Douglas made a speech in his usual style.

Douglas seems to be getting restive and nervous under the scorching which he is receiving from his constituency, as was very manifest to-day. When he came to that part of his argument in which he argues that the Missouri Compromise guaranteed slavery south of 36 deg. 30 min., he was asked by Mr. Farnsworth to read that provision, if there was any such in it. At this question he attempted to dodge, but being pinned to it, he complained of being interrupted; at which the audience, seeing the falsity of his positions, manifested their displeasure somewhat, though not at all boisterously. At this Douglas began to lose his temper, and grew insolent. He was then asked by Mr. Farnsworth if he had any objections to having questions, appropriate to the subject, put to him, in a civil manner, while speaking, as he did not wish to do so if disagreeable, and requested the audience to remain silent, and hear Mr. Douglas through quietly; the speaker replied he did object to being interrupted when it was intended by the questioners to insult him. Mr. F. then suggested that Douglas should speak a given time, and then give the same time to reply, and that Mr. Douglas might take his own time. At this Douglas grew furious and replied he did not wish to make any such arrangements, as the person who he understood was to reply to him had been all around the country denouncing him in a manner that *no gentleman* would do.

Mr. Farnsworth then asked, "Who do you mean, Sir?"

Douglas—"I mean the gentleman who stands beside you"—alluding to Mr. Codding, who happened to be in the audience, a silent spectator, who had not uttered a word.

At this gross and uncalled for attack upon Mr. C., who, it is well known, always treats an opponent courteously and gentlemanly, and than whom no one understands better, or practises more, the courtesies which are due from one gentleman to another, he stepped forward to the stand, and insisted upon his right, when thus grossly and personally attacked, to repel the insult, and that Douglas should apologize; and in this he was seconded by nearly the whole crowd. Mr. Codding, however, advised all the people present to remain perfectly quiet and hear the speaker through. Thereupon Douglas apologized by saying that he did not mean to be personal, but he had been so informed; that he knew of nothing himself which would justify the remark, etc.

Well, they did hear him for two hours and a half, at the end of which time, and as soon as he had ceased, the meeting appointed a Chairman and Secretary, the audience called for Mr. Codding, and he took the stand. Thereupon the *Little Giant* and a part of his foreign friends, and some ten or twelve of the residents of the county, in all just *twenty-five* besides the *Giant*, took their leave, and some of them only left temporarily and returned as soon as they had safely landed D. in *the tavern.*

Of the speech of Mr. Codding, which occupied nearly an hour and a half, to the most attentive audience that I ever saw, I can only say that it was a most masterly refutation of the sophistry and argument of Douglas—his positions were sound, his logic every way equal, and his eloquence far, far superior to that of the *Giant petite*, and, being upon the right side of the question, there was not much left of Mr. Douglas when he got through, I assure you, upon the Nebraska question.

At the close of Mr. C.'s speech, the meeting, which were all present (with the exception of a part of the 25 aforesaid), with but ONE dissenting vote, passed resolutions against the provisions of the Nebraska bill repealing the Compromise of '20, condemning the members of Congress who voted for the bill, and declaring that Douglas *was unworthy to speak to a free people.*

The meeting was then again addressed by Mr. Bemaur, of New York, in a very able manner, for upwards of an hour. And then, after ratifying the nomination of Mr. Woodworth, and giving him three cheers, and cheering Anti-Nebraska, the meeting adjourned with the very best of feeling. Don't you say *Hurrah for Kane?*

DEMOCRAT.

A GREAT ESCAPE.

ONE of these miraculous escapes which convinces men that there is a superintending Providence was vouchsafed the good people of Jackson, Mississippi, last week. By the veriest accident—the opening of a letter by Mr. Meek, the Postmaster—it was discovered that one of the schoolmasters in Jackson thought that men who are cradled in New England, and on going South become apologists for slavery, are contemptible! Of course he was hustled off in great haste, and the Jackson press requests us to pass him around. We do so with pleasure. We trust that our folks will be on their guard. The following from the Jackson (Miss.) *Mercury*, of Sept. 16, tells us how it happened:

"A short time since, a Mr. P. Smellee, who has been teaching school on Dry Creek, in Covington County, for some two years past, was elected Principal of the Public Schools in this city. Night before last a letter was deposited in our Post-Office without any direction whatever. Mr. Meek, the Deputy Postmaster, opened the letter to ascertain to whom it belonged. He was not acquainted with the writer, and in the presence of others proceeded to read it, to ascertain his whereabouts. It was from this Smellee, who had been employed to instruct our youth, addressed to a friend in the North, and was found to contain the most *infamous Abolition sentiments!* The writer called early yesterday morning, as soon as apprised of his omission, and directed it.

"At the suggestion of our energetic postmaster, the Mayor very properly obtained a copy of the letter, or the material portion of it, and laid it before the Board of Trustees. The Board very properly discharged Mr. Smellee, and advised him forthwith to leave this section of the country. He left on the eastern cars for Brandon, yesterday evening. Much indignation was felt in our community when the matter was divulged.

"We are told that Smellee is about thirty years old, tall, with black hair and whiskers, of fair complexion and modest demeanour, and that he hails from Connecticut or New York. We deem it our duty to make this publication, and to ask our brethren of the press to notice it, that he may be watched wherever he goes in the South."

Mr. Meek deserves something for his vigilance. We fear that other postmasters are not equally watchful. We know men in this State who, under the circumstances, would have passed on that undirected letter to the Dead Letter Office. But Mr. Meek has read that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," and he pays the price even if it is so high as the opening of sealed letters. But the *Mississippian*, of September 19, goes farther into particulars. The following is its account of the matter:

"A short time since a vacancy of principal in the public schools of Jackson was supplied by the election of a Mr. P. Smellee. He was born and educated in the North, but had taught school two years at Dry Creek, Covington County, in this State, and came highly recommended as a teacher. On Thursday, he deposited in the Post-Office a letter, which, by accident, and as good luck would have it, he neglected to address, and the postmaster, in making up the mail, was under the necessity of looking into it to learn where to forward it."

"In declaring this duty, he ascertained the fact that it contained the most vile anti-slavery sentiments, and that its author was a rabid Abolitionist. The letter, by the consent of Smellee himself, as we learn, was laid before the Board of Trustees, and they at once discharged him. Smellee, in the mean time, gathered up his effects and left town in double quick time. A report was circulated, on the evening of the day he left, that he was still in the vicinity, and a sharp lookout was kept for him during the night, but no trace of him was detected."

"As a good deal of interest has been awakened as to the precise contents of the letter, we have obtained that portion of it which relates to slavery; and herewith insert it. Writing to a Northern acquaintance, and speaking of a college mate who had removed to the South, he said:

"'——— talks as if Mississippi is to be his future home. He appears pleased with all things—slavery not excepted. In my opinion he is one of those men (or going to be) who, cradled in the land of Liberty, come here to give up their principles, and become the warmest apologists and advocates of the cursed system of slavery. For Southern men, born and nurtured in the midst of slavery, and even taught to believe it is right, and to uphold it, I have the deepest sympathy and respect, but for that Northern man, whom education, conscience and experience all teach him better, and yet who comes here and becomes the apologist for, and uses his influence in favour of, slavery, I have the most unmitigated contempt. It is the basest sacrifice of principle to selfish ends, and proving recreant to that which every Northern freeman, especially, must feel and know is the vitality of our Republic—the safeguard to society—the element of national prosperity to every institution that tends to elevate and dignify men.

"'He who thus acts with eyes open, and conscience goading him, willingly steps upon and crushes beneath his feet the poor and helpless masses, that he may rise and be a lord of the earth. There are thousands of this very class of Northern men in this country, and they have done more to perpetuate slavery than Southerners themselves.'"

"Thus did the base wretch play the assassin on those who supported him—cherishing and propagating sentiments at war with their rights—fanning the flame of fanaticism while living in the South and enjoying her means and hospitality. Of course, Jackson was a little too hot a place for him, and he at once absented himself. *We hope our brethren of the press will pass him around.* He is described as a man about twenty-five years of age, tall, with fair complexion and black whiskers.

"It may be proper to mention, in view of remarks we have heard on the streets, that none of our citizens are mentioned in connection with this subject in this letter."

We cannot but hold up the vigilance of our Southern brethren for Northern imitation. It may not be improper to say thus publicly that we heard a well-dressed middle-aged man, at the Astor House, say that he doubted whether our New York freedom was any better for coloured folks than Virginia slavery. That man we suspect is plotting against our peculiar institutions, freedom for black and white. Let the Postmaster keep an eye on his letters. Let him remember Mr. Meek.—*Times.*

LETTER

FROM A MISSIONARY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH, IN KANSAS, TO A DISTINGUISHED POLITICIAN.

DOUGLAS MISSION, August, 1854.

Last week—the Lord be praised for all His mercies
To his unworthy servant!—I arrived
Safe at the Mission, *via* Westport; where
I tarried overnight to aid in forming
A Vigilance Committee, to send back,
In shirts of tar and feathers, doublets quilted
With forty stripes save one, all Yankee comers,
Uncircumcised and gentile, aliens from
The Commonwealth of Israel, who despise
The prize of the high calling of the saints,
To plant amidst the heathen wilderness
Pure gospel institutions, sanctified
By patriarchal use. The meeting opened
With prayer, as was most fitting. Half an hour,
Or thereaway, I groaned and strove and wrestled,
As Jacob did at Penuel, till the power
Fell on the people, and they cried "Amen!"
"Glory to God!" and clapped and clapped their hands;
And the rough-voiced boatmen wiped their eyes;
"Go it, old hoss!" they cried, and doomed the niggers—
Fulfilling thus the word of prophecy,
"Cursed be Canaan." After prayer, the meeting
Chose a committee—good and pious men—
A Presbyterian elder, Baptist deacon,
A local preacher, three or four class-leaders,
Anxious inquirers and renewed backsliders,
A score in all—to watch the river ferry
(As they of old did watch the fords of Jordan),
And cut off all whose Yankee tongues refuse
The shibboleth of the Nebraska bill.
And then, in answer to repeated calls,
I gave a brief account of what I saw
In Washington; and truly many hearts
Rejoiced to know the President and you
And General Cushing regularly hear,
Drinking with thirsty souls of the sincere
Milk of the Word. Glory! Amen and Selah!

Here, at the Mission, all things have gone well;
The brother who, throughout my absence, acted
As overseer, assures me that the crops
Never were better. I have lost one negro,
A first-rate hand, but obstinate and sullen;
He ran away some time last spring, and hid
In the river timber. There my Indian converts
Found him, and treed and shot him. For the rest,
The heathens round about begin to feel
The influence of our pious ministrations
And works of love; and some of them already
Have purchased negroes, and are settling down
As sober Christians! Bless the Lord for this!
I know it will rejoice you. You, I hear,
Are on the eve of visiting Chicago,
To fight with the wild beasts of Ephesus,
Long John and Dutch Free-Soilers. May your arm
Be clothed with strength, and on your tongue be found
The sweet oil of persuasion. So desires
Your brother and co-labourer. Amen!

P. S. All's lost. Even while in grief I write these lines,
The Yankee Abolitionists are coming
Upon us like a flood—grim, stalwart men,
Each face set like a flint of Plymouth Rock
Against our institutions—staking out
Their farm lots on the wooded Wakarusa,
Or squatting by the mellow-bottomed Kansas—
The pioneers of mightier multitudes—
The small rain-patter ere the thunder-shower
Drowns the dry prairies. Hope from man is not.
Oh! for a quiet berth at Washington—
Snug naval chaplaincy or clerkship, where
These rumours of free labour and free soil
Might never meet me more

slaves at the time; subsequently, however, we learned that they were such.

In the present state of pro-slavery sentiment, it is probably to be expected that the Railroad Company will carry slaves as well as free men, for the sake of their fare. But certainly it is going a step too far beyond what the public sentiment of this region will warrant for them not only to prostitute their road to purposes of slave transit, but to convert their cars into slave pens, and their conductors and other employes into slave guards, and slave drivers, in defiance alike of our laws, of our Constitution, and of Justice. —*Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

GLASGOW, Sept. 7th, 1854.

MY DEAR FRIEND GARRISON: My letters are too far apart to entitle me to the distinction of 'a correspondent'; and, indeed, were they more numerous, I fear they are not of a character to make the case much better.

I have not travelled a great deal of late, and so have not gathered up much in the way of material for letters. There is one subject, however, on which I feel painful necessity to speak; and that is, upon the character of many who come from our country to Great Britain, in the name of anti-slavery, and, professedly, upon anti-slavery work. And the first thing for me to say is, that the anti-slavery cause has no worse foes, none more dangerous, than are many of these, especially when they come, as many of them do, in the character of ministers. Here in Scotland, much that passes current for anti-slavery is only hatred of Garrisonism (as anti-slavery is called) and the giving of contributions to these clerical pretenders, to aid fugitives in Canada, Vigilance Committees in New York, and to the "Chaplin Fund"—if anybody knows what that is at the present time. Now, that the two former of these objects are really worthy, if presented and advocated in good faith, no one will deny. But that so many men, clergymen, coloured and white, or that any men, need come to this country for funds for these objects, is not so clear—probably is not true at all. That the fugitives in Canada may in many cases be extremely destitute, is likely. But I saw more of poverty and wretchedness, physical, mental and moral, in the single city of Manchester, than can be found among all the fugitives in Canada together. And there, too, I saw most excellent women, working their very fingers off, almost, to aid the fugitives, who yet are refusing to help the anti-slavery cause at all, because such men as Pennington and others of the pro-slavery American church have represented that movement as downright infidelity. I have several times had men bring me the words of this Pennington and others, sometimes written down, sometimes printed in books, affirming and declaring this stale slander, and giving this as their only reason for aiding Vigilance Committees and Canada fugitives, instead of helping the anti-slavery cause; and it seems to me time that this state of things should be revealed and rebuked.

At the very time when Dr. Pennington was in the New York Presbytery, advocating and voting for a resolution to stifle discussion on slavery, his own brother and his brother's two young sons were being pursued by kidnappers; were seized by them, and, without trial, were dragged off to slavery!! And he still continues in that body. Why should he not? The body is worthy of him; he is worthy of such a body.

But he comes to Great Britain as an Abolitionist. He hears Garrison and the anti-slavery cause defamed and reviled, by clergymen and others. He not only listens in silence, he not only does not rebuke the calumny, but he even joins, I am told, in the slander. He gives it fresh currency. His colour and clerical connection help him. The pompous D.D. at the end of his name adds weight to his false witness. He prevents or perverts the gifts that would be cheerfully laid on the altar of humanity, by representing things to be anti-slavery which are not, and runs away with the sympathies of a generous people, who really wish well to the cause of the slave. And he goes home to sit, not silently, but approvingly, in the bosom and brotherhood of one of the most thoroughly pro-slavery bodies this world of wickedness can furnish; a brother, in full communion, with a band and body that hold kidnapping no crime!—that would even kidnap his own brother before his face!—a body whose Doctors of Divinity not only own and drive, but actually breed and sell slaves, as do farmers colts and calves; a body one of whose proudest Doctors of Divinity has just boastingly declared, glorying in his shame, "*that every Presbyterian holds slaves in the South who is able, and every one holds as many as is possible or profitable*"!—a body the members of which are selling the heathen they have made at home, keeping them in ignorance, by statute law, of the Bible, and every book, and giving the money to send Bibles and missionaries to India and Madagascar—thus doing what the crucifiers of the Son of God did not dare to do, even in all their desperation of depravity; for though they could buy him of the *betraying* Judas for crucifixion, they did not dare put the price of him, when it was returned by the *repenting* Judas, into the treasury of the Lord, "*because it was the price of blood.*" American Presbyterianism has no such scruples. Into such a connection goes Dr. Pennington, in his own country, and coolly sits, speaks and acts, in all matters of church jurisprudence; and prays and preaches, baptizes and administers sacraments, and does all other spiritual and worship-performing requirements, to the full and complete satisfaction of his slave-breeding, cradle-robbing and kidnapping brethren of the Presbyterian faith. And this is a man *to represent the anti-slavery cause of America in foreign lands*; and this the man to brand and blast with false and foul charges of Infidelity, and even worse impeachments, the only body of men and women in the world who are earnestly and honestly labouring, night and day, through evil, if not good report, to overthrow a slave system the most dreadful that ever saw the sun; and this, not only to free the slaves, but to rescue the fair name of Christianity from being the sport and scoff, the merriment and mockery of all the vile and truth-hating, the tyrannical and time-serving minions and emissaries of Satan, throughout the earth.

Nor is Pennington alone; others have done similar things; and many times I have been pointed to their testimony, to show that "*Garrison is an infidel, and that the American Society is now reduced to a mere handful of infidels and atheists, contemners of the Sabbath, marriage and the ministry.*" One of them used to melt his audiences by declaring that he owed it all to the prayers of a pious, praying mother, that he himself had not been made a complete infidel, by the seductive wiles and influences of the Garrisonian Abolitionists, while he laboured among them.

Now, not one of these men, so far as I can learn, ever pretended to be doing anything for the anti-slavery cause, by his mission abroad. It was all "Fugitives in Canada," or "Vigilance Committees," or "Chaplin Funds," or something that did not disturb the guilty slumbers of their church at home, or here, where that church is represented as the only true Christian church of the United States; is so represented by these very delegates themselves, who continue in it, and brand as infidels those who have gone out of it.

I have spoken of the condition of the fugitive in Canada in contrast with the poor of Manchester; not that Manchester is worse than other English or even American cities of similar size and business; nor yet because there is not need of aid for the poor fugitives, who, with only their bodies, and even these often sadly mutilated, have fled to Canada to be free. But there is no necessity that so many come to this country for that object. No important results have ever been reported of the labours of these men. There surely is no need that they represent such an object as anti-slavery, and thus pocket the gifts of those who really wish to aid the anti-slavery cause, and pervert them to other objects—and, above all, there is no need that they join in the senseless lie, and even give it additional force by their clerical and pretended anti-slavery character, that the Abolitionists are other than they pretend, and are only seeking the overthrow of the Church and the Bible, under a profession of anti-slavery.

What need there is of this mission at all, perhaps may be seen from the testimony of a witness who is himself a fugitive and a minister, and is now travelling in the United States. Recently, in Cincinnati, he said that there are now 35,000 fugitive slaves in Canada, mostly in a flourishing condition, owing to the high prices now paid for labour on the railways. In one town, he says, there are seven hundred, who are rapidly acquiring property in land. In another town, there are 130 families of escaped slaves, who already own a tract of 9,000 acres. And he further declares, that all the land now owned by fugitives in Canada West amounts to 25,000 acres. Similar testimonials have come from other sources. But these are not the facts that come to the British people through the men who are so fond of representing and asking aid for these Canada missions. One of these has now gone, and become a minister or missionary, in comfortable conditions, in the West Indies. Another, after a very successful tour in the way of collecting moneys, is soon to settle on a plantation also in the West Indies; and I could tell of others alike fortunate. How far such missions as theirs conduce to procuring parishes and plantations, on which to quarter, after a short service in such missions, is not for me, who do not know, to say. My testimony, however, is, *that in the real anti-slavery work, the compensations are a very different affair*; and, besides, the real Abolitionist, whose heart and soul are wholly in his work, will not, it seems to me, readily turn aside to other and more secular objects. I think no pay, parish or plantation, could seduce him. Living and dying, he will be the slave's, and take his reward *in his work*, and after he has gone to his rest.

Yours, for such consecration,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

DOUGLAS AND HIS NEGROES.

THE editor of the *Dealer* recently denied that *Arnold* Douglas owned any slaves, directly or indirectly, and offered to make a bet of $1,000 to that effect. As regards his being a slaveholder, we have been furnished with the following facts, from a personal acquaintance of Douglas, who has them directly from his own mouth.

Some twelve years ago Douglas married the daughter of a North Carolina slaveholder. This man had but two children, one of whom the pious "Dug" wedded. The father-in-law possessed a worn-out plantation in North Carolina, and on it 150 half-starved negroes, besides some $50,000 of bank stock. Some time after his daughter's marriage to Douglas, he purchased two tracts of land in Mississippi, and stocked one with 80 and the other with 40 negroes, the residue of his "peculiar property" remaining at the dilapidated homestead. A few years afterwards, the father-in-law offered to make a gift of the larger Mississippi plantation to Douglas. But fear of public sentiment in Illinois and the North deterred him from receiving the "live stock" in his own name. He suggested to the old man that, under the *circumstances*, it were better that the "niggers" should be settled upon his wife, which accordingly was done. Shortly afterwards, the old gentleman gave up the ghost, and was gathered to his fathers; the other daughter also deceased; and recently his own wife, leaving him a widower with three children, the oldest of whom is but six years old.

His wife's sister died without issue; consequently her plantation and 40 or 50 niggers fell to Douglas's wife, as also the "family niggers" of the father-in-law, upon his demise; the widowed relict, we believe, yet survives, holding a life estate in her husband's property, "mixed" and real. Douglas derives the rents and profits of both the Mississippi plantations, and annually pockets the surplus labour of some 160 or more slaves. He visits his plantations frequently, and gives his negroes a grand barbecue once a year; inspects his crop of piccaninies of African, American and Senatorial paternity; gives instructions to his overseers, and receipts to them for the cash extracted from the sweat and toil of his human chattels during the preceding year. He will be legally entitled to repeat his barbecues and collections for *fifteen* years, when his eldest son will come of age, and relieve his father of one-third of the profits derived from the slaves. Douglas does not technically own the Mississippi slaves, but he owns their *unsufruct*, as a lawyer would term it, which means "the right of enjoying a thing which belongs to another, and of deriving from it all the profit or benefit it may produce."

The reader will observe the technical loophole through which the Postmaster expected to crawl, in case of his bet being taken up. He would have raised the quibble that Douglas was not the *legal owner* of any slaves; but in morals and equity, in the eye of God and honest men, he is just as deeply implicated in the sin of slaveholding as if he had accepted the fee simple of the bodies and earthly mortgage on the souls of his human chattels from his father-in-law. And is not his guilt magnified by his artifice to escape the odium and censure of Northern public opinion by a technical dodge?—*Cleveland Leader.*

STATE RIGHTS.

WE learn from the Charleston *Mercury* that Judge Benning, of the Supreme Court in the State of Georgia, has recently delivered an opinion affirming that the Courts of that State are entirely *independent* of the Courts of the United States. The *Mercury* has no fault to find with this decision. On the contrary, it approves it warmly, and only expresses the apprehension that the Supreme Court of the United States will overrule it and that the State of Georgia will submit.

Judge Benning's decision, so far as we can gather its purport from the *Mercury's* article, goes a good deal farther than the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, which excited so much angry comment from the Charleston *Mercury* and its pro-slavery coadjutors. In that case, if we remember it aright, the Court decided the Fugitive Slave law to be *unconstitutional* and therefore not binding on the Courts or citizens of Wisconsin. The Supreme Court of the United States, we believe, has never yet pronounced judgment upon the constitutionality of that law; so that thus far there is no actual conflict of authority. But if the Wisconsin Court should take the further step of declaring that, even if overruled in its opinion by the Supreme Court of the United States, its authority would still be paramount; it would be fully sustained in its position by the Georgia decision, which is commended and endorsed by the Charleston *Mercury.*

In point of fact, the doctrine of State Rights, as laid down in the famous resolutions of '98, and as since held by Mr. Calhoun and his followers, will fully justify a much more open and decided resistance of the Fugitive Slave law than has yet been manifested in any Northern State. That law violates State rights far more distinctly and decidedly than did the Tariff of 1832, or than has been done by any of the subsequent measures of which the South so loudly complains.

We should not be at all surprised to find, within the next ten years, the doctrine of State Rights and the resolutions of '98, a good deal more popular in New York than they have ever been in Virginia.—*Times.*

NO MORE SLAVE STATES.—There was a time when the North would have consented to annex Cuba; but the Nebraska wrong has forever rendered annexation impossible. For good cause and in vindication of our national honour, the North would consent to wrest Cuba from Spain; but it would only be for the purpose of establishing in the island a separate Republic under our protection. The Nebraska outrage has settled forever the annexation of slave territory to this Union; and, what is of far deeper import, it has effectually prevented the admission, at any time hereafter, of another slave State into the Union. When Missouri was admitted, there was a condition annexed, that slavery should not exist north of 36 deg. 30 min.; but this condition has been repudiated by the South. When *Texas* was admitted, there was a condition annexed that there should be three other slave States formed out of her territory. *The North will, in imitation of the South, repudiate this condition*; and we now tell our Southern brethren to be prepared for the consequences. They have commenced the agitation; they have set the example of repudiating the most sacred compacts, and of disregarding their honorary engagements; and just as certainly as we now write, just so certain is it that no *new slave State will ever again be admitted into this Union*, and no slave territory ever again be annexed to it.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

A NEW ENGLAND MINISTER OF THE OLDEN TIME.—The Rev. Mr. Fuller, in an exceedingly interesting discourse, preached Sunday morning, on the early history of his church (the new North, which was established in 1714), gave the following anecdote: "Soon after the settlement of the Rev. Dr. Andrew Eliot in 1742, several of his parishioners offered to purchase and make him a present of a black boy as a servant. Slavery at that time was tolerated in Massachusetts, and other parts of New England, and many were held in some of the first families in Boston. The Doctor refused the present—unless it should be with the understanding that the boy should be placed, when of suitable age, as apprentice to learn some useful trade, and on arriving at the age of 21 years to be made a free man. This not being agreeable, the present was withheld." "Thus," said Mr. F., "did a New England minister—the Boston minister—and a pastor of this church, 112 years ago, set his face against slavery." It is not probable that he was the only one among the New England clergy that entertained similar sentiments. Hon. T. D. Eliott, of New Bedford, member of Congress, is a descendant of the noble Doctor. One person was present yesterday who was christened on the 9th of Nov. 1779—another who was christened early in 1778—both deacons. We hope to see this discourse in print.—*Bost. Journal.*

LOOK OUT FOR KIDNAPPERS.—A correspondent at Norfolk informs us that William W. Hall, slave trader, accompanied by Eugene Babbe, a particular friend, recently started for the North, probably on some kidnapping expedition. Hall is a large, stout man, about five feet eleven inches, light hair, florid complexion, with one eye defective. The other is about five feet eight inches, and so dark as sometimes to be taken for a coloured man. Their destination is supposed to be New Bedford. Look out for them.—*Boston Telegraph.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1854.

☞ ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—The Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Horticultural Hall at Westchester, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 23d., 24th, and 25th of October.

The meeting will be one of importance. A central place has been selected for holding it, with a view of securing a free attendance of the members and friends of the Society. Subjects of deep moment to the Cause will be considered, and discussions of the liveliest interest may be anticipated.

Letters have been received from WM. LLOYD GARRISON, and LUCY STONE, announcing their purpose to be with us, and the presence of other distinguished speakers from a distance is expected.

A cordial invitation is hereby extended to all friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, far and near, to come to our meeting, and participate with us in our deliberations. On behalf of the Society,

JAMES MOTT, President.

REV. N. ADAMS TRAVELS SOUTH FOR LIGHT, AND GETS IT—WISE SPECULATIONS.

WE are a mirthful people, and, in spite of all our fussy earnestness, a good-natured people. Our literature, indeed, boasts no great humorist; and as we have no Ring's court, so we have no professed jesters, formerly an indispensable adjunct of a royal establishment. But the aptitude for fun is by no means lacking among us, becoming epidemic, like the influenza, at every great gathering, as an auction, a mass meeting or a cattle show. Every man may jest on his own account, and be witty or move others to wit at his pleasure.

Having no order of jesters, we should least of all expect that the clergy would attempt to figure in that character, though, from the general gravity and seriousness of their duties and studies, it must be confessed that an unexpected outbreak of sportiveness among them would be exceedingly amusing. Indeed, wit has been defined to be an exposition of the subtle relations betwixt the most incongruous and opposite ideas. When, therefore, a quaint drollery drops in an under-tone from the solemn verbiage with which it is expected that the clergyman shall announce his entrance into all societies, the effect is irresistibly ludicrous. Dr. Samuel H. Cox has hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of this style of character. The literary and rhetorical antics with which he ever and anon amuses the American public seem to be his by an indisputable copyright, and to earn for him *par eminence* the distinction of being the *Merry-Andrew* of Doctors of Divinity. A competitor, however, has lately turned up, and it will behoove Dr. Cox to look well to his laurels. The original character is not only mirthful, but moves mirth in others, chiefly *at his own expense*. His competitor imitates him *only in the latter respect.*

The American public, with its thousand presses and million readers, is just the *biggest* one on this planet; and the man who steps upon its theatre, or gets dragged upon it, may well tremble under the reverberation of its myriad-toned echoes. Its applause, its execrations, its ridicule, its contempt, are all alike overpowering and tremendous. No man in this nation knows by what great or by what mean deed of his he may become conspicuous, or that his private folly of to-day may not be so connected with the public concern that the feet of all the people shall not trample to-morrow upon his name soiled with their contempt.

Whoever contrives to get connected with the slavery question in these times is pretty sure of notoriety. That happens now to be the matter we have in hand—*our hobby*, if any one chooses so to style it—and is likely so to remain for a season, in spite of the apprehensions of *old fogies* and *old grannies* in Congress, in Conventions and in Conferences. Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, has most incontinently put his foot into this matter, and must not deprive the public of the amusement, to which they are entitled, from his performances. Early this season, travelling in the South, he experiences "*agreeable disappointments relating to slavery*"—"*new views of the comfort and happiness of slaves*"—is persuaded *that his "northern friends are under misapprehensions"*—thinks "*the northern antagonism to slavery may be divorted into a mutual effort with the slaveholders to benefit the African race*"—fancies he is on the track of "*a divine plan of mercy for that race*," which will effectually thwart the present Abolition measures, and devises "*a kind and conciliatory statement of his impressions at the South upon these subjects*," which he is going to publish, and so put out the pipes of the agitators forever. A very heavy three months' job, certainly—important enough, if once done, to compensate his bereaved Boston congregation for the loss of three months' preaching. To give greater weight to his counsels, which the public must be very impatient to hear, he addresses a note to the notorious HENRY A. WISE, containing the above cowardly and contemptible declarations, and asking for light upon several points, from *firstly* to *fifthly*. He proposes, however, "*to use the views and not the name*" of his distinguished informant. Rev. Dr. Adams himself is to be the hero of the forthcoming "*kind and conciliatory statement.*" He cannot consent to share the glory of reconciling the North and South. He reserves for himself the honour of discovering "*the Divine plan, hidden hitherto*" from the wise and prudent. He wants no partnership in saving the Union—a feat which has taxed more weak and fanatical heads than the discovery of perpetual motion ever did. He will use Mr. Wise merely as the tail to his kite, varying the monotony of his own profound discussions by a paragraph beginning thus: "*Says* a distinguished citizen of Virginia, of great political and social eminence"; or thus: "I extract the following from a letter in my possession from a pious and godly slaveholder." What a pity this convenient plan has been so effectually spoiled. How largely would this letter of Mr. Wise have furnished the forthcoming book. Only think of Mr. Adams "*using the views, but not the name*" of his correspondent, stepping before the public clad in all the borrowed eloquence, piety and philosophy with which the great Virginian in this letter seems to be inspired.

But Mr. Wise has no wish to figure in the part assigned him. He will be *aut Casar, aut nullus.* So he cuffs the ears of the Boston minister, standing in the general contempt of the cloth, just now, on account of the "*clerical remonstrance*," and makes a text of him to harangue the country withal through the columns of the Washington *Union.* Mr. Adams receives the letter, and is so pleased with it as to express his satisfaction in a note of thanks. He never suspects that he is *put upon* and insulted; but when the echo of the public ridicule assails his ears—when his own toady, lick-spittle letter, designed for private Southern reading, faces him in Northern prints—he sees that he has made a *Judy* of himself, and affects to resent it as an insult on the part of his correspondent. He has the effrontery, writing from a safe distance and shielded under his clerical character, to tell Mr. Wise that, *though "he desired some private information from him, he should not care to be publicly connected with his name and reputation"!!* This he says smarting under the unaffected contempt of the slaveholder for his servility, after he had written to Mr. Wise, in his first letter, "*that he had heard his* (Wise's) *opinions spoken of with great respect at the South,* and that those opinions would *strengthen him much* in his aim to do good"; after he had "read Wise's letter, thinking of it only as a reply to his questions, *its general sentiments meeting his approbation.*" If Adams has shown himself a sycophant in his first letter, he has shown himself a *sneak* in his last, and Henry A. Wise is less of a ruffian than he used to be if, catching his smooth clerical correspondent in *Accomac*, he did not give him the alternative of a duel or a horse-whipping.

The letter of the politician, however, which Mr. Adams provoked, and to which, being made public, he has thought necessary to make such a rejoinder, is deserving of a more thorough examination, and in another spirit, than that gentleman will ever give it. Mr. Wise seems to have finished off the composite character, by which he has been chiefly known, of politician, slaveholder, bully and duellist, with a new and smart style of piety, which sets as gracefully upon him, to use a sailor's phrase, as a muslin handkerchief upon a handspike. He is not satisfied to furnish the facts and leave the Reverend querist to supply the moral reflections and draw the improvement. He handles the name of God as flippantly as does the minister, and draws the Deity in, as an accomplice in all the atrocities of Virginia slaveholding, with as cool and pointed blasphemy as Bishop Meade or any other false priest of slavery has ever been able to compass. Mr. Wise is not the first wrong-doer who has perverted the long-sufferance of God into connivance with his sin.

"*What,*" with rough plainness asks the proud Virginian, "*are you,*" a sneaking, half-Abolition Boston minister, "*writing to me about?* Slavery—African slavery—in the Southern States of this Union; a property—property by the law of the States, property protected by the Constitution and laws of the United States, private property held by individual proprietors by the same authority of sovereignties, and of constitutions and of statutes, as houses, and horses, and lands, and ships, and goods of trade, are held?" This is begging the whole question. It is *the property* which is denied by common sense and the universal instinct of mankind. Man cannot be property. God, in creating him free, refrained from asserting a claim over him as property; and shall one man assert over another a claim which the common Creator of both has not presumed to prefer? *Property by the laws!* This, too, is denied. Constitutions and laws are guaranties of rights, and not outrages upon them. *Property by being held prescriptively!* Most preposterous title, since it is but a primary robbery repeated in continual theft—a wrong that can, in the nature of things, never take the shape of right. How petty and inconsiderable are the rights of property when they conflict with the rights of persons! What becomes of your right of property in your house when the safety of persons requires it to be blown up to arrest a conflagration? These things, to which Mr. Wise asserts an absurd claim of property, are also *persons, as a good*, its fatal crime and curse, shows that that day is already gone. You, Mr. Wise, will not live to see the coloured population of the Southern States removed to Africa, nor will your children's children. History never told of such an exodus of a race. Your dreams about draining slavery away into California, or Mexico, or Cuba, are only chimerical. When raising the price of wool in Boston shall diminish the number of sheep in Vermont, or a better market for corn in New York shall arrest the raising of corn in Ohio, then, and not till then, will the opening of new markets for slaves in Texas, in Mexico, or in Liberia (for the emigration will operate just as economically as the sale), abolish slavery in Virginia.

You and your ancestors have cast in your lot with this people against their will. You underwent stupendous labours, and braved crimes which history grows pale in utterring and the pitying hand of God trembled to record, to bring from a distant quarter of the globe an affectionate and gentle people, and open to them all the sanctities and privacy of your domestic life. If you have taught them, as you boast, as good Christianity as you knew, you have taught them, too, your own fierce, vindictive, and violent spirit; and as such lessons had little congeniality with their docile natures, you have taught them more effectually, *in their blood*, corrupted by your own. You have chosen to associate yourselves with their labours and their lives; you cannot now separate yourselves from their destiny. From the cup which you have prepared for them, you must drink yourselves the veriest dregs. The coloured people of Viginia will, for the most part, continue to dwell in Virginia, and cultivate its fields; but, before many generations, your children must start in life without the factitious advantage of being their owners. Then, as in all free countries, stations in the social sphere will be determined not by birth and rank, but by diligence, intelligence and morality. Some descendant of yours may yet wake up on a fine spring morning to let himself for a day's work to a coloured planter who, by diligence and industry, has gradually earned your farm away from its proud and indolent white proprietor. A scion of the first Virginia family may one day drive to the hustings some Black Douglass, canvassing your very district for Congress. It will be no great marvel either, for there are men of your age, whose floggings in slavery you could almost hear from your father's door, who can now write a more eloquent, coherent and logical letter, and in better taste, than yours to Rev. Nehemiah Adams.

FAIRLY PUT.—Judge Bronson, the 'Hard' candidate for Governor, either conscious that nothing can damage his chance of election, or oblivious of the fate of other candidates of various sorts who have preceded him in the same course, has been writing letters lately for public perusal. They are mainly upon the Temperance question, on which the Judge tries hard to show that the Maine Law, if not absolutely a flying in the face of Providence, is, at least, a very unwise and unjust measure; but, in one of his letters, he enters into an examination of the position of the Whig candidates, and particularly that of Mr. Clark. His objection to that position is well put, whether we look at it as regards the rightfulness of an oath to a pro-slavery Constitution, or as a severe reflection upon that sort of Whiggish anti-slavery which will denounce slavery as a system that no honest man could swear to support, but which, so swearing, will keep the oath it never should have taken. The Judge says:

"Let us now see what are the sentiments of your candidate for Governor, as publicly declared by one of the delegates at Auburn, in advocating the nomination of that candidate.

"John Thomas said: 'Myron Holley Clark was not on the (Whig) Baltimore platform, but entertained views similar to those of Gerrit Smith.' 'Mr. Clark *denies that slavery could be legalized*, and held that it was a crime that *all the laws in the universe could not make legal.*' On being asked, 'How do you know that?' Mr. Thomas replied, '*He* (Clark) *told* me so.' Here again the fundamental law of the Union is plainly nullified. Indeed, Mr. C. goes beyond, and rejects 'all the laws in the universe' which attempt to legalize slavery. Before he can enter upon the duties of the office of Governor, he must lay his hand upon the Bible and call God to witness that he 'will support the Constitution of the United States'; and yet he has already told us that the oath will not bind him. It follows, of course, that he either stands on the 'higher law' or rejects 'all the laws in the universe.'

"Governor Clark must also swear that he 'will faithfully discharge the duties of the office,' and one of those duties, as prescribed by the State Constitution, is to 'take care that the laws are faithfully executed.' When some one shall hereafter attempt to assert his rights under the Constitution and laws of the United States, by arresting a fugitive from service, and the Abolitionists come to the rescue, and blood runs in the streets, the Governor must either look calmly on or take the side of the mob, because he holds that all laws and constitutions recognising slavery are utterly void."

To be sure, here would be a dilemma for Gov. Clark, if Mr. Thomas has truly represented his opinions; though with all their high-sounding professions, the Whigs would have no difficulty in pointing out the path of duty to him. But what would our friends the Independent Democrats, whose candidate he is also, have him do under such circumstances? Keep the oath he ought not to have made, or, having made it, break it?

Perhaps, however, Mr. Thomas has not truly apprehended Mr. Clark's position, and, therefore, has not correctly represented him in the assertion he made on his behalf. We have no doubt of Mr. Thomas's honesty, and do not know that Mr. Clark may not be equally honest. But politicians are slippery fellows, and it is always dangerous to trust to sudden conversions, or to take for granted, on anybody's assertion, that a candidate is anything else than what his antecedents indicate. A story is current of another Whig candidate which is a case in point. It will be recollected that certain articles have appeared, from time to time, in the New York *Times*, not only approving of Gov. Seymour's veto of the Prohibitory Liquor Law, but rather questioning the principles of total abstinence. A speaker at the Temperance Convention asserted that Mr. Raymond never wrote these articles, and that he had the authority of Mr. Raymond himself for saying so. Of course this secured the nomination.

"How came you to make such a statement?" said Mr. Raymond to this confident orator, afterwards; "I not only never asserted any such thing, but I *did* write the articles in question."

"Mr. Raymond," was the reply, "I do not wish to have any communication with you upon the subject"!

Such mistakes will occur when principles are adopted to secure a nomination, rather than nominations made to carry out a principle. We hope there is no such misunderstanding between Myron Holley Clark—he ought to be honest to entitle him to that name—and Mr. Thomas.

STRICTURES ON THE LETTER OF 'O. P. C.'

PHILADELPHIA, Tenth mo. 2d, 1854.

To the Editors of the Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN a letter from this city, published in the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* of 30th ult., I find the following declaration:

"The people of Pennsylvania have never consented to either of these measures [the Fugitive Slave law and the Nebraska bill]. The slave law was always repugnant to them, and never executed but with the greatest difficulty; and when, at Christiana, William Parker killed the slave-catcher, Gorsuch, the people approved the deed, as was subsequently made evident by the treason trials. The public sympathy was with Hanway and Lewis, the prisoners at the bar, and its expression was so strong as to force a verdict of triumphant acquittal."

Now, what conclusion could a reader, unacquainted with the facts of the case, deduce from this statement, but that Hanway and Lewis were instrumental in procuring the slaughter of Gorsuch, and that it was the manifestation of public sympathy, not a conviction of their innocence, that secured their acquittal? The reader who derived all his information from this passage would naturally conclude that if public sympathy had been withheld, the prisoners must have been convicted; and as the charge was treason against the United States, they must have been convicted of that crime, if convicted at all. It is not supposed that the author of this article designed to mislead his readers, yet it is obvious that he has undertaken a task for which his acquaintance with the case had not qualified him.

In the first place, I believe, it has never been ascertained who fired the shot which proved fatal to Edward Gorsuch; and, in the next place, I have yet to learn that the people of Pennsylvania, or any considerable number of them, ever manifested their approbation of the act. The best friends of the coloured race, however opposed to the attempted arrest, unquestionably regretted the fatal result. But the question which has elicited my interference is the part taken by Lewis and Hanway, who, we are informed, were shielded from conviction by the sympathy of the public.

The reader may be informed that Parker's house, where the fatal encounter took place, is in a rural, not a public, situation, about three miles from the village of Christiana. A coloured man, passing near the place, early in the morning, discovered what he supposed to be a company of kidnappers surrounding Parker's house. He, in consequence, hastened to the residence of Elijah Lewis, nearly two miles distant, and informed him of what he had discovered. Lewis immediately set off on foot for the scene of action, calling, on his way, upon Castner Hanway, and requesting his company. Hanway, mounting a horse, outtravelled his neighbour, and arrived at Parker's house before him. When Lewis came to the place, he found Hanway in conference with Kline, the deputy Marshal, and was immediately informed of the capacity in which the latter was acting. He asked for his authority, which being exhibited, Kline demanded their assistance in making the arrest of the alleged fugitives who were supposed to be in the house. This aid they refused; and as a considerable force of coloured people had assembled, and others were coming, Elijah Lewis expressed his belief that the only way to avoid bloodshed was to abandon the attempt. Some of the blacks assuming a menacing appearance, Hanway called out imploring them not to fire; and he and Lewis instantly set off along different roads, and had advanced several hundred yards before the firing commenced. Lewis saw nothing of the conflict except at a distance, and was soon out of sight. Shortly after the firing began, Hanway was overtaken by some of Gorsuch's flying companions, and by some of the coloured people in pursuit. Hanway being on horseback, the man and horse, behind which the fugitives strove to shelter themselves, gave a temporary check to the chase, and facilitated their escape. Hanway soon found that his interference was likely to turn the tide of resentment against himself, and therefore left the place without delay.

The charge of treason against the United States, on which these two men were incarcerated about four months, to the manifest injury, not to say the ruin, of their health and business, was so extremely absurd, as well as cruel, that we need not wonder that public sympathy was excited in their favour; and when at length Hanway was brought to trial, the testimony of his innocence was so overwhelming that a verdict of triumphant acquittal was rendered; not forced by public sympathy, but resulting from the fact that not a shadow of guilt was proved against the prisoner.

So destitute of foundation did the prosecution appear, that Elijah Lewis and more than a score of coloured men who had been imprisoned as participants in the alleged treason were discharged without trial. An effort was made to impeach them for murder, in Lancaster County, where Gorsuch was killed, but the bills were ignored.

The Editor of the *Standard* will judge whether justice to the two innocent men who were subjected to this iniquitous prosecution does not require the correction of the error into which his correspondent has certainly fallen. A few days will probably shew whether the people of Pennsylvania are prepared to express their opposition to the Fugitive and Nebraska laws in a more authoritative manner than by the acquittal of a man whom no conscientious jury could have convicted.

Respectfully, ENOCH LEWIS.

☞ The language of our correspondent may have been liable to misapprehension, but it was clearly never intended to convey any such idea as that which Mr. Lewis thinks may be derived from it. The drift of "O. P. C.'s" letter was to show that public sentiment in Pennsylvania, bad as he admitted it to be on the subject of slavery, never sanctioned the Fugitive Slave law. In proof of this, he instanced the developments made during the Treason Trials. Hanway and Lewis were charged with complicity in the killing of the slave-hunter Gorsuch; this charge, as was subsequently proved, was utterly false; but before this proof could be established, and without any reference to the question as to whether it could be or not, the public expression was strong in favour of the prisoners at the bar. This was felt by the prosecution, and was not without its effect upon the bench; and it made the acquittal of Messrs. Hanway and Lewis, what our correspondent termed it, a "triumphant" one. Everybody felt that, in the contest, the Slave Power had been defeated, and that the Anti-Fugitive Slave law feeling of the community had come off triumphant. This, as we understand it, is the idea our correspondent meant to convey, and to this we presume Mr. Lewis would make no objections.—EDS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 2d, 1854.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I beg leave to take exception to the closing paragraph of the epistle of your Correspondent O. P. C., in last week's *Standard*. Speaking of the contest now going on in the Second Congressional District in this State, he says: "Mr Chandler is a Catholic, and as such is proscribed. This is an outrage. Proscription on account of religious opinion is a species of despotism that ought everywhere to be resisted. It will find no countenance from pure Abolitionists."

Now, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I make no defence of the Know Nothings, being conscientiously opposed to all secret associations; nor do I take any active part in the political contest referred to, as I am also conscientiously opposed to political action under the Constitution; but I protest against your correspondent speaking on behalf of Abolitionists as a whole, when I know he misrepresents the views of many of the purest and best of them. I regard the popular cry of religious persecution as the cant of designing men, but sometimes inconsiderately used by those who mean well. Come from what quarter it may, however, I detest and despise it. If men profess and defend *bad* principles, and practise *evil* works, why should they not be proscribed, whether they call such principles and practices by the name of religion or not? What abominations and cruelties have not been practised in the world in the sacred name of religion. And if men do evil under the name of religion, is it not *worse* than if called by its true name? If men associate together, call themselves a church or a religious society, and, under the sanction of this name, perpetrate deeds at which our common humanity blushes—and hold forth, moreover, that their society is infallible—never did err and never can err, such men should everywhere be proscribed. One set of men take to themselves twenty, thirty, forty wives apiece, and live in all manner of pollution, and call that religion. Another set buy and sell men, women and children, by the hundred, like cattle, and prostitute to the basest purposes as many of them as they please, and call that religion a divine institution. A third set, hunt down, torture, maim, burn and hang thousands upon thousands of the best, purest and holiest men on earth—incarcerate in prisons vast numbers of young females, bind them by blasphemous oaths to a state of celibacy, and to unrestrained submission to a herd of men who practically reject and despise marriage—and call all this a Divine institution—their *religion*; and when the common morality of the community becomes shocked at these abominations and refuses to confer honour and power on their advocates and perpetrators, we then hear the hue and cry of religious proscription and persecution, and all that even from those who ought to know better. Away with such nonsense. I rejoice that the eyes of men throughout the land are becoming enlightened on this subject, and I trust the day is not far distant when the mere baptizing of crimes by the name of religion will not shield their perpetrators from their just deserts. S.

POLITICS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

BRADFORD, N. H., Monday, Oct. 9, 1854.

MR. GAY: If the newspapers tell the truth, to-morrow will be a great day for voting in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, in which the main issue before the people will be as to slavery and freedom. The friends of freedom here are hoping and looking for a favourable result. If an election were held in this triangular granite State, about this time, I think we should be enabled to send two straightforward anti-slavery men into the Senate of the United States; and that much, it is hoped, will, in due time, be accomplished. From March to June, there was controversy among the editors of this State as to which party had the ascendancy in our House of Representatives, and, on the assembling of the House in June, it turned out thus—including four Hunker Democrats, foisted into seats without right, there were in the House three hundred and ten members. After all manner of preparation and appliances, the Administration Nebraska managers attempted to elect two Nebraska men, John S. Wells and Harry Hibbard, to the United States Senate, but there were *one hundred and sixty* of the three hundred and ten who stood firm against them, through eleven ballotings, and remained steadfast unto the end. But the anti-Nebraska men were unable to effect an election of their candidates, as the State Senate was Hunker Democratic, and such election in this State is consummated by concurrent vote of the Senate and House. The four interlopers were sent home, near the close of the session, on report of a Hunker Committee of elections, after having been used through all the important ballotings; thus leaving the House, at the close of the session in July last, Nebraska, 146; anti-Nebraska, 160. Thus may be seen something of the sentiment and feeling of the people of this State upon the slavery question, as indicated by some of the proceedings of our last Legislature. The field is open, the election of two United States Senators is at st

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, October 9, 1854.

YOUR Philadelphia correspondence seems doomed to be of a somewhat miscellaneous character. I add my contribution to the hotchpotch this week, quite conscious that you will be unable to class it under the head either of substantial viands or agreeable condiments. In this city of ours, with the regularity of its right angles and broad vistas, everything moves on with that quiet air of well-bred, uniform and undemonstrative gentility which, however pleasant it may be to the man of aristocratic habits and refined tastes, must forever be the utter despair of the professional letter-writer and penny-a-liner.

As you enter the old State-House from Chestnut street, a doorway to the left admits you into the apartment occupied in revolutionary times by the Continental Congress; if, during an afternoon stroll, you should happen to take a fancy to peep into this sanctum, you would see, erected on a pedestal, the famous old Liberty Bell after which Mrs. Chapman so admirably christened our anti-slavery annual, and which formerly occupied the belfry above. As if it did not tell its own tale, some municipal genius has written out its pedigree and peculiar history in full, which pedigree and history he has duly printed, a copy thereof being attached to the aforesaid pedestal for the illumination of all such as may desire illustration on these points.

Without going into a criticism of the English of the aforementioned document, I propose making from the same a quotation, *que voici*: "It was the first bell in America that did proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto ALL the inhabitants thereof, having been rung for that purpose on the 4th of July, 1776."

Just round the corner, on Sixth street, in the same edifice, is the room of the United States Marshal. Here, in the morning of Wednesday last, at 10 o'clock, Mr. Marshal Ingraham gave decision in the case of the claim of one Bright, of Maryland (who, judging from his personal appearance, is decidedly a misnomer), to the flesh, bones, muscles, nerves, sinews and soul of his *slave*, Massey, whom, after summing up and disposing of all the objections of the voluntary counsel for the defendant, Mr. David Paul Brown, he "summarily" consigned into the hands of Mr. Bright, or rather of three or four officers, whether of the City or the General Government I am not sufficiently learned in the law to pronounce. Doubtless, however, even if this unpleasant duty does devolve legally upon persons in the employ of the federal government, those in the service of the municipal authorities would consider it a privilege to perform the same, and "with alacrity," for this is preëminently the city of "brotherly love," and there is, perhaps, no other method so striking of displaying that affection toward our "Southern brethren" which is one of the most commendable qualities of the citizen of the Northern States.

Notwithstanding the hearing had been adjourned from the previous week, and the public had been duly notified, through the daily papers, that the case was pending, and the fact also that the Marshal's office is within a few yards of our most fashionable and crowded thoroughfare, the contracted and filthy apartment (which, Mr. Brown remarked to a friend, in passing out, was admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is employed) was not more than half filled, and the whole affair passed off, according to the stereotyped phrase, "without excitement." A few friends of the slave were present at the rendition, and Mrs. Mott went forward to the carriage in which the fugitive had been placed, shook hands with him, and administered some words of rebuke to those who had consented to become the tools in this dirty business.

How is it possible for a people constantly guilty, in their daily conversation, of such impudent hypocrisy, such utter ignoring of all honest shame, as well as all logical consistency, to avoid becoming completely rotten at the core? It would be an investigation curious to the philosopher, as well as beneficial to our national character, to ascertain how much of the moral obliquity which is manifesting itself in the forms of swindling, clerical licentiousness, and political scoundrelism, might be legitimately traced to this cause—to the subversion of all fixed ethical principles, and of every recognised moral standard. But I am growing didactic.

I may as well remark, for the benefit of all interested, that the face of this Ingraham would make the fortune of a caricaturist, and would furnish an incomparable embellishment for the pages of the American Punch, if slavery did not forbid us the possession of this luxury. But wit and humour are inseparably allied to freedom, and can never flourish under the gag or the cat-o'-nine-tails.

Some excitement was produced, a week or so ago, by the announcement, through the public journals, that the Hon. James Cooper had challenged Mr. Morton M'Michael, of the *North American*, to fight a duel. The alleged offence consisted of an article in that journal containing some remarks entirely devoid of personality, so far as names were concerned, on certain malversations in the management of the Sunbury and Erie Railway, which animadversions Mr. Cooper seems to have had a feeling sense were applicable to himself.

Mr. M'Michael might, with a very good grace, have availed himself of the reply of the French Marquis, who, when challenged by Alexander Dumas to fight a duel, declined on the ground that "he had not the honour to be a gentleman"; but he unwisely consented to hold himself amenable at the point of the pistol. He referred the whole affair, however, to two friends, pledging himself to abide by their decision. These gentlemen very sensibly decided that the editor of a public journal cannot, consistently with the public welfare, answer personally for any comment he may feel obliged to make in that capacity, and so the matter rests. Bad as is the tone of the press generally, it will be degraded still lower when its conductors are placed at the mercy of Congressional and other bullies, whose principal recommendation is their skill in "planting blows under the short ribs," mashing a man's nose, "bunging up his eye," or reducing him to a level with themselves by blowing out his brains.

PROBABLE LIBERATION OF BURNS.—Anthony Burns has, at length, it is reported, a prospect of that final liberation which comes as a welcome release to so many slaves. His friends in Boston have received the intelligence of his dangerous illness from typhoid fever, contracted, no doubt, by his close confinement in the Richmond jail ever since his rendition. He complained of illness, it is said, in the last letters received from him, four weeks since, and word has been sent that last week he was attended by two physicians and his recovery is considered very doubtful indeed. Had his master been a man of his word, Burns would have been released long since. The price asked for him has been more than once raised and tendered, but on each occasion the money has been refused, contrary to the express agreement, and an enhanced sum demanded. "The time," says the Boston *Transcript*, "has not yet fully come for a full and complete account of this case, but, should death release the prisoner, we hope the facts will be made public. At the last move in the premises, one of the United States officials, whose conduct during the trial does not redound much to his credit, offered to pay Mr. Suttle one hundred dollars of the amount originaly claimed, if the Colonel would keep his word to said official and Mr. Allen, of Louisiana." But the fellow's cupidity will probaby have overshot the mark; and instead of selling a slave, he will have to bury the victim of his villany.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN ABOLITIONIST DOWN SOUTH.

I.....THE SLAVOCRACY AND THE POOR.

Sept. 23, 1854. At Petersburg, Virginia. To-day I visited the house of a small farmer near the city. We talked about slavery. He has no slaves. He is a Virginian by birth. He owns about 200 acres of land, which he cultivates with his family's assistance. In this State, 200 acres is not accounted a farm at all. 5,000 and 6,000 acre farms are very common. Both the farmer, his wife, his daughter and his son, agreed in saying that poor people in Virginia are "looked down upon" by the slavocracy of the State, as if they belonged to an inferior race. The old man said, also, that the majority of the non-human-property holders of Virginia are secret Abolitionists.

II.....TALK WITH A VIRGINIA SLAVE.

Sept. 25. 33 miles southward from Petersburgh. I arose at day-break. In walking along the railroad, I met a man of colour.

"What time do you think it is?" I asked.

"The sun is up about half an hour," said he, touching his hat.

"At what hour does the sun rise, just now?"

"I donno, mass'r."

"Are you a slave?"

"Yes, mass'r."

"How old are you?"

"Forty-five years old, mass'r."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, mass'r, I is."

"Have you got any children?"

"Yes, mass'r, I's got five."

"Did you ever try to run away?"

"No, mass'r, I neber did."

"Would n't you like to go to the North?" I asked, narrowly watching the expression of his face.

He hesitated. I knew from experience why. I therefore added:

"I come from the North."

"Does you, mass'r?" said the slave, as he eyed me semi-suspiciously.

"Yes," I replied; "would n't you like to go there?"

"Yes, mass'r," he answered readily, "I would like very much to go dar, but I neber 'xpecks to be dar."

"Have you been a slave all your life?"

"Yes, mass'r."

"Do you believe there are any slaves round about here contented with being in bondage?"

"No, mass'r, not one ob them," he answered, emphatically. "How can dey, mass'r? There's no man would n't sooner work for hisself than for a boss what kicks and knocks us about all day and neber 'lows us anything for ourselves."

"Do you work for your boss, or are you hired out?" I asked.

"I works for my boss."

"What kind of time do you have with him?"

"Bery hard, mass'r, bery hard. He works us all day and neber 'lows us anything for ourselves at all, from Christmas to Christmas."

"What! don't he give you a present at Christmas?"

"No, mass'r, not a cent. Some bosses do 'low something at Christmas, but not my boss. He does n't even give us 'bacca to chew."

He was carrying a bag in which his day's provisions and tools were. He took out four apples and offered them to me.

"Will you give me a piece of tobacca for them, mass'r?"

Silver or tobacco had I none. I expressed my regret at not being able to give him either, and then resumed our conversation.

"You think, then," I said, "that there is no slave who would not rather be a free man?"

"I am certain on it, mass'r."

"Well," said I, "I never met but one. He said he would rather be a slave than a freeman. But he was a liar, I guess."

"Yes, mass'r," said the slave, emphatically, "he was a big liar; and you ought to have slapped him on the mouth for saying so. What slave man would not rather work for hisself than fur a boss, mass'r?"

"Does your wife work all day as hard as you do?" I asked.

"Yes, mass'r," he replied, "and my children, too. The boss takes them when they are not so high"—he levelled his hand within four feet of the earth's surface—"and keeps them at work till they die."

"Are your wives treated as if they were married women?"

"No, mass'r, they don't make any difference, whether the coloured women is married or no; white folks just do what they have a mind to them."

"Do white people—I mean the bosses—ever act immorally to coloured women on the plantations?"

"Yes, mass'r, bery often, indeed."

"I should think, then, that coloured people who are married and are parents would be the most discontented with slavery?"

"I donno, mass'r," said the slave with a heavy heart-born sigh—"I knows I's tired on it. I's seen my daughter treated so that—that"—he hesitated and looked savagely gloomy—"well, mass'r," he continued, "I's tired of it. Mass'r, is it bery cold at the North?"

(This question was asked by almost every slave with whom I have conversed in Virginia and North Carolina. To each of them I made the same reply.)

"In the winter," I answered, "it is a great deal colder than it is here; but it is not half so cold as white people try to make you believe. Besides, people wear more clothes there than they do here, and do not feel the cold more than you do in Virginia. In Canada, in winter, it is very cold—a great deal colder than in the free States. In the free States, a coloured man may be taken back into bondage if his boss finds him——"

"No, oh no! mass'r; they can't do dat," said the slave, emphatically.

"Yes, they can," I said, "but they are getting rather afraid to do so now."

"No, mass'r, they can't do it," said the slave in a still more emphatic tone, with that peculiar smile which uneducated people involuntarily assume when instructing others on subjects with which they are conversant and their companion happens to be ignorant.

I did not try to convince him of the error of his creed, for I knew that perhaps before he escaped the people of the Northern States might refuse, with one accord, to act the *role* of bloodhounds any longer.

"In Canada," I resumed, "if a coloured man once gets there, he is safe for life. Canada belongs to the English, and England never gives coloured people up to their masters."

"Yes, mass'r," said the slave, "I belieb dat. A great many white folks have told me dat, and I belieb it."

"It is very cold in Canada. I have been there, and seen thousands of coloured people there who escaped from the South. Not one of them would come back to their bosses again."

"I belieb dat," said he; "I know if I could get away, I would not come back. Mass'r," he continued, "I's heard that in England a coloured man is treated just as well as they do white folks. Is dat true, mass'r?"

"Yes."

"Is coloured people treated as well as white folks at the North?"

"Why, no, not exactly. There is a little prejudice against them. But, still, at the North, a coloured man need never be insulted by a white man as he is here, unless he be a coward. He may strike back. It would not do to do that here, would it?"

"Oh! Lor', no! mass'r," said the slave, looking as if frightened by the mere idea of such a thing; "they would shoot us down just as soon as if we was cats."

"Well," I resumed, "a coloured man at the North may strike back and *not* be shot down." I then related an incident of which I was an eye-witness.

The last time that I travelled from Albany to Buffalo—a few months ago—there was a coloured man in the car with us.* A white bully, "exquisitely" dressed, entered it, and, addressing the African, said in a loud tone—

"Get out, you d—d nigger, and go to the South where you belong to."

The coloured man arose and applied every abusive epithet he could think of, interspersed with curses, to his Circassian enemy. He informed the dandy that his mother was a member of the canine race and several other "personal items."

All snobs are cowards—and the negro remained unanswered.

"Lor', mass'r," said the slave, as I related this incident, "it would n't do to do that here, they would kill us right away."

"How many suits of clothes are you allowed a year?"

"Two, mass'r."

"Of course, you have two shirts?"

"No, mass'r; only one at a time."

"How do you get it washed?"

"I washes it at night, and sleeps naked till it's dry."

We had some further conversation about the country, and then separated.

He said he would run away *if he knew how to go.*

You shall hear from me on this subject again.

JOHN BALL, Jr.

*In the South, I may here state, "servants," as slaves are invariably styled, and free persons of colour are put in the first half of the foremost car by themselves—the other portion being appropriated for the use of smokers.

CALIFORNIA is, to all appearance, as firmly wedded to the Slave Power as South Carolina or any other of the slave-driving States. At the recent election there was a split in the Democratic ranks, a portion of the party, with David C. Broderick (candidate for the U. S. Senate) at their head, being opposed to the scheme for dividing the State with a view to the introduction of slavery into a new State to be formed out of the Southern half of the territory. It was supposed that this division would inevitably lead to a triumph of the Whigs, but all anticipations of this sort are disappointed, the anti-Broderick and slavery wing of the party having carried everything before it. J. W. Denver and P. T. Herbert are elected to Congress. The former is said to be a man of little character and less talent, whose only claim to distinction rested upon the fact that he had killed a man in a duel. Mr. Herbert is a straight-out slavery propagandist, the very one who moved a reënactment of the California Slave Law, by which persons who were brought into the State as slaves before its admission to the Union may be seized and carried off by summary process, without jury trial. A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from San Francisco, says:

"The defeat of the Whigs, under the circumstances, has struck that rotten rag of a party, as it is in California, almost into life with astonishment. * * * Why were the Whigs defeated? In the first place, the Whig party in California has a decided pro-slavery tendency. H. A. Crabb, the most prominent wire-worker in the party, and its leading spirit, is a decided slavery extensionist. He was the author of the Slave law before referred to, the reënactment of which for another year was secured by Herbert. Crabb has likewise been exceedingly active to have a Convention called to alter the State Constitution, and to effect a division of the State. *The Sacramento Union*, recognised to be the leading Whig paper in the State, would be not unpopular in the latitude of Mobile, the former place of residence of its editor. *The Union* is a bitter advocate of the Nebraska bill, and favoured the passage of the California Slave law, and denounces as 'fanatics' and 'rabid Abolitionists' all persons who speak about the rights of coloured men and the evil effects of slavery upon white men and upon trade. The most of the other Whig papers in the State show little better. Only two of them have spoken plainly against the Nebraska bill. The two Whig candidates for Governor have both been men from the slave States. Benham and Bowie, the late Whig candidates for Congress, were well known to be friends of the Nebraska bill and to Southern policy generally. Under these circumstances, it was not to be expected that the Northern Whigs, at least half of the party numerically in the State, should take much interest in the election."

The same writer also says:

"The Chivalry men have a majority on joint ballot, and may have a majority in the House if some of the Whigs can be induced to side with them. If they possess the power, they will not hesitate to divide the State and openly encourage the introduction of slaves into the new Territory, where, of course, under the policy of Pierce & Co., slavery will be lawful, and where it cannot be forbidden until the admission of the State into the Union. Who is to be the Senator in the place of Gwin is extremely doubtful."

SLAVERY ILLUSTRATED.—The civilizing and Christianizing influences of slavery are illustrated in the following story, which we cut from the latest number of the *New Orleans Weekly Picayune*. The fugitive slave whom that paper describes as "a daring outlaw," and who was shot by white marauders as if he had been a wild beast, was probably a hero whose worst fault was that he had resolved no longer to be a slave:

"On Sunday morning last, the inhabitants of Thibodaux and its vicinity were rejoiced to hear of the capture of 'Wild Henry,' who has been for a long time a declared outlaw and the terror of the neighbourhood. Some years ago, he ran away from the plantation of Mr. P. Lorio, and ever since he has been prowling about, levying contributions from all the adjacent plantations, and even from the town of Thibodaux itself. Early Sunday morning he was discovered on the Rienzi plantation, and was in the act of taking aim at the overseer, when a load of buckshot from one of his pursuers crippled him so badly that he surrendered. At the time of his capture, he resembled a walking arsenal, being armed with a shot gun, two large pistols, and a long keen narrow-bladed butcher-knife. It is presumed he will be tried and executed summarily, as he has on several occasions attempted the lives and wounded the persons of those who were attempting his capture.

"He is represented as a negro of great cunning and adroitness. The slaves around all feared and obeyed him; for he made them believe that he was a conjuror, and that if they offended him he could cause their instant death by scattering a few grains of sand on the ground. He also showed them several bullets and buckshot which he said had been fired at him, but he had conjured and caught them harmless in his hand."

THE COLOURED MEN OF CONNECTICUT held a Convention at Hartford, on the 27th and 28th ult. We copy the following from a notice of its proceedings in the *Republican*:

"About 50 delegates were present—each County being represented. The President read an able address to the Convention. Reports were listened to from delegates present from each County in the State. Much interesting information was elicited. Great improvement in the condition of the coloured people of the State was testified to by the delegates. They own lands, houses and other property, to the amount of several hundred thousands of dollars. They own houses enough to comfortably lodge their whole number.

"In the evening, the Rev. Mr. Beman addressed the Convention on the past history and present prospects of the coloured race in Connecticut. He unfolded many interesting facts to the audience. Mr. Beman said, among other things, that the coloured State Total Abstinence Society was the *first* society of the kind here—and that the coloured people are in favour of the Maine Law. After he was through, Dr. Gray, of New Haven, talked sensibly and eloquently against the Colonization Scheme. The Rev. Mr. Collins, of Bridgeport, followed, moving that the Rev. Mr. Beman be invited to furnish his address for publication, which the Convention agreed to.

"A series of eloquent resolutions was introduced and adopted. Mr. Kelly, of Massachusetts, made a very humorous and genial speech. The Rev. Mr. Serrington, of California, also made a good speech. After which, the Convention adjourned, to meet in Hartford, on the third Wednesday of April next.

"The meetings of the Convention throughout were characterized by dignity, good order, and eloquent speaking, and those fools among the whitewashed race who believe a negro incapable of refinement and intellectual culture should attend a Coloured Convention."

APPALING CALAMITY!

The Steamer Arctic Sunk by a Collision.

FEARFUL LOSS OF LIFE.

THE anxious suspense occasioned by the non-arrival at this port of the Collins steamer Arctic, which left Liverpool on the 20th ultimo, with 226 passengers and 175 employés, together with a valuable cargo and heavy mails, has been terminated by the shocking intelligence of the utter loss of the vessel and (probably) of the lives of all but 32 of her passengers and crew, by collision with another large steamer (name unknown) which, together with a large number of human beings on board has probably shared a similar fate!

Mr. George W. Burns, the express messenger of Adams & Co., who was on board the Arctic, and an eye-witness of the dreadful calamity, arrived at this port with seventeen others who, like himself, were among the saved, on Wednesday morning, in the ship Lebanon. We give the following extracts from his account of the catastrophe:

"On Wednesday, September 27, at 12 o'clock, M., in a dense fog, we came in contact with a bark-rigged iron-propeller, with black hull, salmon coloured bottom, lead coloured poop and boats, and black pipe. She was bound eastward, and had all sail set, with a strong, fair wind. The speed of the Artic at the time was about thirteen knots an hour. The shock to us appeared slight, but the damage to the other vessel was frightful. Captain Luce instantly ordered the quarter boats cleared away, and the chief mate, boatswain and three sailors went to her relief; before other boats left, the order was countermanded. The Arctic then described a circle twice round the wreck, during which time I caught a glimpse of more than two hundred people clustered on her hurricane deck.

"At this juncture it was first ascertained that we had sustained injury, and the water was pouring in at our bows. When the first officer came alongside to report, the captain was unable to take him up, but headed N.N.W. in the hope of making land. Our position on the previous day, at 12 o'clock, was latitude 48 39, longitude 45 27. We had run about three hundred and ten miles from the time of this observation until the moment of collision, and were supposed to be forty miles from Cape Race. The pumps were vigorously worked, and an anchor chain thrown overboard; but, in spite of all exertion, the engines stopped and the water extinguished the fires. Four of the other life boats, believed to have been well provisioned, containing the engineers, sailors, a few passengers, and all the officers except the captain and third mate, left the ship at an early stage. The majority of the passengers were working at the pumps—some firing the signal guns, and others launching spars, under the direction of Captain Luce and Mr. Dorian, the third mate, to form a raft.

"In order to facilitate this latter work the sixth and last boat was lowered. Dorian, one or two firemen, three of the other passengers saved, and myself, were busily engaged lashing water-casks and settees to the main yard, two topgallant yards, and several smaller spars—the Captain, with a number of gentlemen, protecting the work by keeping back the crowd—when a panic seized all on board, a rush was made, passengers and firemen precipitated themselves headlong over the bulwarks on to the raft, and in a moment our little boat was full, and in imminent danger of being sunk. In this emergency, Dorian ordered the rope which held us to the steamer to be cut, and with our hands and axes we paddled from the raft's side. The mate, who throughout preserved great presence of mind, and laboured with heroic energy, cried out: 'For God's sake, Captain, clear the raft, so that we can work, I won't desert the ship while there's a timber above water.'

"But the sea was now flush with the dead-lights. In less than three minutes from the time he spoke, the stern sunk—the foam went boiling over the tumbling heap of human beings—many were dashed forward against the pipe. I heard one wild yell (still ringing in my ears), and saw the Arctic and the struggling mass rapidly engulphed. Numbers yet clung to the imperfectly constructed raft; but, alas, we could render them no aid. Our own situation was no less precarious; and, cruel as it seemed, we were forced to abandom them to fate. Heaven forbid that I should ever witness such another scene. We, however, picked up two more men, and then, with an over-loaded boat, without oars, food or drink, avoiding with difficulty the fragments of the wreck, and passing many dead females, prepared for a night upon the ocean. We secured a floating pumpkin and cabbage to guard against immediate starvation, lashed a spar to the bow of our boat to keep her head to the wind and sea, and thus drifted until daylight; the night was cold and foggy, with a heavy swell, and, in a cramped, drenched and half naked condition, we suffered terribly.

"Without dwelling upon our miseries, alleviated much by the consciousness that we had endeavoured to do our duty to our fellow-men, suffice it to say that at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th we espied a sail, and raised a handkerchief to attract attention. We were successful. With the rude substitute for oars which we had constructed during the day by lashing planks to capstan bars, with a view of attempting to gain land when the sea subsided, we pulled towards the ship. On our way, we passed the remnant of the raft, with one man on it apparently alive.

"The bark proved to be the Huron, of St. Andrews, N. B., Captain A. Wall, bound for Quebec. Our men safe on board, the noble-hearted Dorian, with some of the Huron's crew, returned to the raft and rescued the poor fellow who, for twenty-six hours had clung to the spar. He states that after the steamship sunk, he counted seventy-two men and four women on the raft, but at 8 1-2 o'clock he was the only one alive. In the morning two bodies were beside him, much eaten by fishes and at the time he saw our boat he was on the point of voluntarily dropping into the sea to end his agony. Coming from the raft Dorian encountered and examined the life car of the Arctic. It contained a bottle of water, some cheese and a lady's garment.

"During the night of the 28th, Capt. Wall hung out extra lights, fired rockets, and kept a horn blowing, in hopes of falling in with the remainder of the boats. But his endeavours were fruitless. On the evening of the 29th he spoke the ship Lebanon, Captain Story, bound for New York, by whom eighteen of our number were taken off, kindly welcomed and well treated.

"The fate of the propeller and our five boats is unknown."

CHARLES LENOX REMOND.—The following notice of this able advocate of liberty appeared in the Syracuse *Chronicle* at the time of the recent meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, wherein he was a prominent actor:

"The question is often asked: Who is this Charles Lenox Remond, who so often illuminates Anti-Slavery Conventions, and speaks with such an easy, graceful fluency, and such unmistakable genius and eloquence? We cannot answer the question very satisfactorily; but we understand that he does not belong to the class of fugitive slaves. He is, we believe, a man of education and fortune, who resides in or near Boston, on his estate, and lives like other gentlemen of leisure and means. His wife is a very beautiful and accomplished woman, not quite so dark as himself, and has the attention and respect of the better society about Boston. It is a curious comment on the brutality of ignorance and the prejudice which slavery has engendered against colour that such a man should be insulted while walking in our streets in respectable company, and shouted after, by a well-dressed personage, as *a damned nigger.*"

WELCOME TO W. W. BROWN.—Our Pennsylvania readers will see, by a notice in another column, that a meeting is to be held in Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening next, to welcome home again William Wells Brown, who has recently returned from England. If our memory serves us correctly, Mr. Brown was not much in that section of country before going abroad, so that he is little known there except by report. We will answer for it that those who have not hitherto known him personally will be hardly less pleased to meet and hear him than his immediate friends will be to welcome him again among them. The meeting cannot fail to be one of great interest. The coloured people of Philadelphia alone ought to crowd it, for their class has never been more respectably represented abroad than it was by Wm. Wells Brown. While he never forgot his allegiance to the cause of the people of his own colour, he effaced, by his eloquence in public and his bearing in private life, from the minds of his hearers the recollection of the mark of distinction which is made to palliate the oppression which is inflicted upon his race.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—The October number (American Reprint) of this work is before us. It contains a great variety of matter of such a character as to make it a welcome visitor in every intelligent family. This number closes the ninth volume. The American publisher (Mr. T. L. McElrath, 17 Spruce street) deserves a liberal reward for his enterprise. Terms, $3 a year.

VOLUNTARY STARVATION.—The ingenious devices of slaves to secure their liberty give the lie most effectually to the pretence that they are too stupid either to care for freedom or profit by its blessings. The editor of the *Wesleyan* gives the following account of a man from North Carolina, whom he recently met at Noblesville, Indiana:

"Fearing that he was to be sold on the death of his master, he adopted the singular plan of starving himself. This was done slyly, so as to avoid suspicion. The consequence was that he became reckoned among worthless slaves, from the supposition now that he was hopelessly diseased, though he had been prized at $1,200 before this. After two years, he was put up for sale, and was bought for $100, and, by consent of the purchaser who was in the secret, he removed to one of the free States. His appetite improved suddenly and has been perfectly restored. He is a fine looking fellow and really seems to know how to take care of himself."

HON. WILLIAM JAY, having been elected President of the New York Kansas League, declines accepting the office on the ground that the state of his health and other circumstances render it impossible for him to be anything more than a nominal officer. He thinks it a sound rule that no man should accept an office, the duties of which he cannot or will not discharge. He expresses, however, his warm interest in the objects of the League, and utters this emphatic sentiment, viz: "The northern members of Congress who voted for that law [the Nebraska and Kansas law], in my opinion, incurred in the sight of God a deeper moral guilt than that of most of the thieves and burglars in our penitentiaries, for they sinned against clearer light and more abundant knowledge, and with a more deliberate contempt for truth, justice, liberty and human happiness than their imprisoned fellow-criminals."

PROPHETIC.—The Boston correspondent of that infamously pious and holy sheet, the *Journal of Commerce*, says that a highly intelligent Congregational layman from Connecticut informed him that, in his opinion, Episcopacy would be in the ascendancy in that State in a few years, owing to the course the Congregational clergy are pursuing there on the Nebraska bill, and in the preaching of politics generally. The writer adds that this opinion is confirmed by others in that vicinity (Boston) who are conversant with Connecticut affairs. Extremely complimentary, is it not? to the Congregational laity of Connecticut and to the Episcopal Church! When the hunker piety of that State gets ready for such a stampede, may we be there to see.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION for 1854 will meet in Philadelphia on Wednesday next, and continue its sessions through that and the following day. We understand that Mr. Garrison, Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown, Paulina W. Davis and other eminent reformers will be present from abroad, while Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew and other friends of the cause residing in Philadelphia will probably render important aid. The objects of this Convention are distinct from those of the Anti-Slavery Movement, but the interest felt therein by the great body of our readers is a sufficient reason for inviting attention to the call which has appeared in our columns for several weeks past.

DR. R. M. GRAHAM, the man who killed Col. Loring at the St. Nicholas hotel, in August last, has been tried, during the past week, and found guilty of manslaughter in the *second* degree. Many a *poor* man, far less guilty than this rich Southern ruffian, has expiated his crime upon the gallows in this city. After the evidence was nearly all in, it was ascertained that one of the jurymen was a cousin of the murderer's wife! The prisoner consented that he should be withdrawn, and agreed to abide the verdict of the remaining eleven, who found as above.

ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN JOURNAL.—W. S. Damrell, No. 16 Devonshire street, Boston, has issued the first number of a new weekly paper with this title. Its main object appears to be to foster what is termed the "American spirit," in opposition to Popery, regarded as a political system. B. H. Billings, Esq., is its chief designer, which is a sufficient guaranty of the excellence of its illustrations.

FOUR FUGITIVES FROM SLAVERY arrived at Lowville, Lewis Co., N. Y., on the 27th ult., by the Underground Railroad. They were kindly cared for by the inhabitants, and sufficient funds furnished them to pursue their journey to the land of freedom, and long ere this they are beyond the reach of their pursuers.

REV. J. G. FORMAN, an anti-slavery clergyman of the Unitarian faith, and a very pleasant and persuasive preacher, has accepted a call to settle in Sandwich, Mass.

Summary.

Eliza W. Greenfield, sometimes called the "Black Swan," has returned from Europe. She has been giving concerts in Boston.

Of the five hundred Methodist ministers in the State of Indiana, only three support the Kansas and Nebraska platform.

The difference between a Northerner and a Southerner is said to be, that one blacks his own boots, and the other boots his own blacks.—*Boston Telegraph.*

The St. Louis *Republican* speaks of a negro, in that city, who was born and brought up in Ireland, and possesses just about the richest brogue to be found among all the emigrants from the Emerald Isle.

S. M. Booth, editor of the Wisconsin *Free Democrat*, complains of the backwardness of his friends in furnishing the means to carry on the suits in which he is involved in the rescue case. He says, he has spent one third of his time, and three hundred dollars already, and has received but $35 of this from his friends.

"Death to Slavery, or Dissolution," is the motto the New Lisbon *Aurora* has placed over its editorial head. Brother Frost is in earnest. He goes for no half measures. "Fusion" don't suit him. He would have the Union of all for liberty, but he wants to see the pro-slavery sinners regenerate and repentant. Without it anti-slavery is better off out of their union than in it.—*Bugle.*

At a late discussion between Galloway and Olds of Ohio, the latter attempted to defend his Nebraska vote by showing that emigration would keep slavery out of Nebraska. Sam replied that Judas Iscariot sold his Lord and Master for thirty pieces of silver, and the Lord overruled the act of treachery to the good of mankind, but *no thanks to Judas for that.* No thanks to Olds, Pierce & Co., if the people overrule the betrayer of Freedom.

YANKEES IN CANADA.—The Provincial Parliament have passed an act granting to aliens the right to purchase and convey lands in the Queen's Provinces to the extent of four hundred acres each. The Government has put large tracts of land into market at $1 to $1 25 per acre. No reservations respecting minerals have been made, and the Yankees, in flocks, are prospecting on the North shore of Lake Superior for copper and iron, and some rich openings have been discovered.—*Free West (Chicago), Sept.* 21.

WHO IS WHITE?—A correspondent of the New York *Times* starts the question of the effect and meaning of the term *white* in the naturalization laws. Is it intended to exclude from citizenship all but men of Caucasian race? Does it extend to Chinese, Hindoos, American Indians, or is the restriction limited to persons of negro blood? The large immigration of Chinese into California is likely to give practical importance to this question. Two cases are mentioned in which the naturalization papers have been granted to Chinese.

BAD LUCK.—One of the New York delegates to the late Custom-House Convention, it will be remembered, was arrested in this city, on his way home, on a charge of assault and battery upon a country gentleman. A second, Mr. Nelson, editor of the Kueesville *Gazette*, and Postmaster at that village, is now in jail at Troy, on a charge of robbing the mail. A third, Mr. Henry J. Sickles, of Albion, Orleans County, has, we learn, been held to bail at Elmira, on a charge of appropriating $3,000 in notes, the property of his deceased brother's widow.—*Albany Argus.*

THE SLAVE HUNTERS ON THE TRACK.—We received information, yesterday, from a gentleman in a neighbouring town, that he had seen and conversed with a sea captain, who had the necessary papers for the arrest of eight fugitive slaves—five of whom resided in New Bedford. The kidnapper remarked that he knew three of them personally, they having "lighted" his vessel over the bar while at the South. We do not wish to create an unnecessary alarm, and neither do we wish to have a successful slave hunt on our soil, without the use of all proper efforts on our part to prevent it. If there be such fugitives in our city, we would advise them to be on their guard. In these times of man-stealing and kidnapping, too much caution cannot be exercised by our coloured friends. If this miserable God-forsaken wretch of a man-hunter comes among us, let him find that he has made a wrong port, and that New Bedford affords no harbour to such villains.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard, Oct.* 5.

VOLUNTARY STARVATION.—The ingenious devices of slaves to secure their liberty give the lie most effectually to the pretence that they are too stupid either to care for freedom or profit by its blessings. The editor of the *Wesleyan* gives the following account of a man from North Carolina, whom he recently met at Noblesville, Indiana:

"Fearing that he was to be sold on the death of his master, he adopted the singular plan of starving himself. This was done slyly, so as to avoid suspicion. The consequence was that he became reckoned among worthless slaves, from the supposition now that he was hopelessly diseased, though he had been prized at $1,200 before this. After two years, he was put up for sale, and was bought for $100, and, by consent of the purchaser who was in the secret, he removed to one of the free States. His appetite improved suddenly and has been perfectly restored. He is a fine looking fellow and really seems to know how to take care of himself."

HON. WILLIAM JAY, having been elected President of the New York Kansas League, declines accepting the office on the ground that the state of his health and other circumstances render it impossible for him to be anything more than a nominal officer. He thinks it a sound rule that no man should accept an office, the duties of which he cannot or will not discharge. He expresses, however, his warm interest in the objects of the League, and utters this emphatic sentiment, viz: "The northern members of Congress who voted for that law [the Nebraska and Kansas law], in my opinion, incurred in the sight of God a deeper moral guilt than that of most of the thieves and burglars in our penitentiaries, for they sinned against clearer light and more abundant knowledge, and with a more deliberate contempt for truth, justice, liberty and human happiness than their imprisoned fellow-criminals."

PROPHETIC.—The Boston correspondent of that infamously pious and holy sheet, the *Journal of Commerce*, says that a highly intelligent Congregational layman from Connecticut informed him that, in his opinion, Episcopacy would be in the ascendancy in that State in a few years, owing to the course the Congregational clergy are pursuing there on the Nebraska bill, and in the preaching of politics generally. The writer adds that this opinion is confirmed by others in that vicinity (Boston) who are conversant with Connecticut affairs. Extremely complimentary, is it not? to the Congregational laity of Connecticut and to the Episcopal Church! When the hunker piety of that State gets ready for such a stampede, may we be there to see.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION for 1854 will meet in Philadelphia on Wednesday next, and continue its sessions through that and the following day. We understand that Mr. Garrison, Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown, Paulina W. Davis and other eminent reformers will be present from abroad, while Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew and other friends of the cause residing in Philadelphia will probably render important aid. The objects of this Convention are distinct from those of the Anti-Slavery Movement, but the interest felt therein by the great body of our readers is a sufficient reason for inviting attention to the call which has appeared in our columns for several weeks past.

DR. R. M. GRAHAM, the man who killed Col. Loring at the St. Nicholas hotel, in August last, has been tried, during the past week, and found guilty of manslaughter in the *second* degree. Many a *poor* man, far less guilty than this rich Southern ruffian, has expiated his crime upon the gallows in this city. After the evidence was nearly all in, it was ascertained that one of the jurymen was a cousin of the murderer's wife! The prisoner consented that he should be withdrawn, and agreed to abide the verdict of the remaining eleven, who found as above.

ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN JOURNAL.—W. S. Damrell, No. 16 Devonshire street, Boston, has issued the first number of a new weekly paper with this title. Its main object appears to be to foster what is termed the "American spirit," in opposition to Popery, regarded as a political system. B. H. Billings, Esq., is its chief designer, which is a sufficient guaranty of the excellence of its illustrations.

FOUR FUGITIVES FROM SLAVERY arrived at Lowville, Lewis Co., N. Y., on the 27th ult., by the Underground Railroad. They were kindly cared for by the inhabitants, and sufficient funds furnished them to pursue their journey to the land of freedom, and long ere this they are beyond the reach of their pursuers.

REV. J. G. FORMAN, an anti-slavery clergyman of the Unitarian faith, and a very pleasant and persuasive preacher, has accepted a call to settle in Sandwich, Mass.

Summary.

Eliza W. Greenfield, sometimes called the "Black Swan," has returned from Europe. She has been giving concerts in Boston.

Of the five hundred Methodist ministers in the State of Indiana, only three support the Kansas and Nebraska platform.

The difference between a Northerner and a Southerner is said to be, that one blacks his own boots, and the other boots his own blacks.—*Boston Telegraph.*

The St. Louis *Republican* speaks of a negro, in that city, who was born and brought up in Ireland, and possesses just about the richest brogue to be found among all the emigrants from the Emerald Isle.

S. M. Booth, editor of the Wisconsin *Free Democrat*, complains of the backwardness of his friends in furnishing the means to carry on the suits in which he is involved in the rescue case. He says, he has spent one third of his time, and three hundred dollars already, and has received but $35 of this from his friends.

"Death to Slavery, or Dissolution," is the motto the New Lisbon *Aurora* has placed over its editorial head. Brother Frost is in earnest. He goes for no half measures. "Fusion" don't suit him. He would have the Union of all for liberty, but he wants to see the pro-slavery sinners regenerate and repentant. Without it anti

Miscellaneous Department.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

FAREWELL, PRETTY BIRD.

FAREWELL, pretty bird; thou hast cheered me so long
That I sadly shall miss the gay mirth of thy song;
The sun will shine brightly, and sweet flowers shall bloom,
But there 's nothing so joyous as thy glad summer tune.

At the dawn of the day, ere the stars leave the sky,
Thou plumest thy feathers, and soarest on high;
Then, perch'd on the tree by my own cottage door,
Thou warblest notes of sweet melody o'er and o'er.

Unlike would-be Christians that move among men,
Thou givest thy treasure and ask not again—
Living the motto (for thou canst not deceive),
That they who give freely shall freely receive.

Thou wilt go, pretty bird; but, ere thou depart,
Receive as my blessing the warm thanks of my heart
For the joys thou hast given in thy truth-loving song,
And thy good lessons taught me the whole summer long.

To the land of the far sunny South thou wilt go,
For He who wills all things hath ordered it so;
And, oh! wilt thou bear, on thy bright wings of love,
A message of truth from His angels above?

Wilt thou bear to the land where the orange trees bloom,
These words (and carol them forth in thy tune)?
Our Father in Heaven loveth all men alike;
He does not distinguish the black from the white.

'Tis only the wrong from the good He perceives,
And the pure in heart only His blessing receives.
Sing to them, Be Christians—break every chain,
And for the heart-broken captive sweet Liberty claim.

Tell them to be good, and to love one another;
Find in each man a friend, and to each be a brother;
Then shall a wreath of sweet peace 'round their brows be entwined,
And pure thoughts with good deeds be ever combined.

Then sing, pretty bird—sing on ever more—
Sing, for the captive shall sail to Liberty's shore;
The glad song of freedom we 'll sing through the land,
For Heaven's blessing doth rest on our truth-loving band.

ELMA.

FACTS AND FABLES ABOUT FLOWERS.

WHY is it that every eye kindles with delight at the sight of beautiful flowers? that in all lands, and amidst all nations, the love of flowers appears to prevail to so great an extent that no home is considered complete without them—no festival duly honoured unless they decorate the place where it is observed? They are strewn in the path of the bride; they are laid on the bier of the dead; the merry-maker selects from the floral tribes the emblem of his joy; and the mourner, the insignia of his grief. Everywhere, and under all circumstances, flowers are eagerly sought after and affectionately cherished; and when the living and growing are not to be obtained, then is their place filled by some substitute or other, according to the taste or circumstances of the wearer; but whether that substitute be a wreath of gorgeous gems for the brow of royalty or a bunch of coloured cambric for the adornment of a servant-girl, it is usually wrought into the form of *flowers*. The very furniture of our houses vouches for the prevalence of this passion; for we seldom see a carpet, a chintz, or a paper, that does not include flowers in its pattern. Our china tea and dinner services are richly enamelled with groups of these graceful objects; and on our Parian jugs and butter-coolers, our vases and chimney-ornaments, we find the moulded forms of lilies and snow-drops, and other such delicate floral imagery. Whence comes this all-prevailing taste. Surely it is a gift from God, planted by him in the heart of his creatures; for the capability of the heart to enjoy it belongs as much to the peasant as to the prince, and the means of gratifying it is as free to the one as to the other. This taste depends not on wealth or on education, but is given, if not to all individuals, yet to some of every class. From the infant's first gleam of intelligence, a flower will suffice to still its cries; and even in old age, the mind which has not been perverted from its natural instincts can find a calm and soothing pleasure in the contemplation of these gems of creation. The little peasant-boy who basks on the bank in the corn-field, whilst his parents are busied in gathering in the golden grain, amuses himself by weaving a bright crown of the glowing scarlet poppy, and the brilliant blue corn bottle, whereth to bind the auburn curls of the tiny sister whom he has been left to watch; and the feeble old woman will totter on her crutch at early day to inhale the scent of her sweet double gillyflowers, and mark the unfolding of their clustering petals. The sick and dying love flowers; for they remind them of that sweet home at which they are hoping soon to arrive, where, as sings an old poet,

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and lovely flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

And the young and healthy love flowers—oh, how dearly!—and delight to ramble through the lanes at the sweet April-time in search of the first young violets

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring;

or in July to wander in the dewy meadows by the river's side, and stretch far over its waters—even at the risk of getting an untimely and unwelcome bath—for the sake of attaining some of the pearly cups of the delicate water-lily (*Nymphæa alba*), or gathering a bunch of the turquoise clusters of the lovely water 'forget-me-not' (*Myosotis palustris*). The costly gems which adorn the prince or the noble are obtained only by the few; but those more pure, more fragrant ones, may be had freely, abundantly, without asking them at the hand of men. The hill and the valley teem with them, the mountain and the rock, the moss and the moor, "bring forth spontaneous flowers of all hues"—flowers

Which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature's boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain.

Every hedgerow displays its wealth of blossoms, and even the very walls and house-tops supply us with their own bright and peculiar floral embellishments.

Flowers are the subject of poets' dreams: we may cite in token Chaucer's sweet tale of *The Flower and the Leaf*, and Dunbar's—

Methought sweet May before my bed up stood,
In weed depaint of many diverse hue, &c.;

and plenty of other instances. They are emblems of nations. They serve as badges of clans, and display themselves in the blazonry of heraldic devices. They have formed the insignia of party strife and hatred, as in the fatal and long-sustained wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. They have been used as indications of renewed amity and friendship, as when the reunion of these two houses did "unite the white rose with the red"; and as Drayton sang—

In one stalk did happily unite
The pure vermilion rose and purer white;

and the striped red and white rose, called at this day "The York and Lancaster," was worn peacefully by both parties alike.

That the love of flowers of which we speak is a *true* thing, and that it has pervaded all nations, and existed throughout all times, the many legends in which we find flowers bearing a prominent part, and forming the basis for traditions and fabulous tales, supply proof sufficient. In the records of the old Grecians and Romans, we find abundance of these floral myths; and we will now entertain our readers with a few of them. The *Flos Adonis*, a pretty little blood-red flower of the anemone tribe, bears the name, and serves to perpetuate the memory, of Venus's favourite, Adonis, the son of Myrrha, who was herself said to be turned into a tree called *myrrh*. Adonis was often cautioned by Venus not to hunt wild beasts; but he slighted her advice, and at last perished from injuries received from a wild-boar he had wounded, and his weeping mistress changed him into this flower.

Narcissus, too, bears witness to the love of the ancients for flowers. He, striving to grasp his own beautiful form, as he saw it reflected on the surface of the water—but striving all in vain—in his futile exertion slew himself, and his blood was changed into a flower. But what flower was this? Surely not the snowy blossom which we designate by the name of *Narcissus poeticus*. Virgil call the classical flower *Purpureus Narcissus*, and Pliny also speaks of it as *purple*; and we should be much more inclined to fix on the flower which the older botanists, Gerarde and Parkinson, call the "checqued" or "checquered daffodill," and which we name the April Fritillary, for that which ought to bear the name of Narcissus. Gerarde says of this as follows: "The checquered daffodill, or ginny-hen flower, hath small, narrow, grassy leaves; among which there riseth up a stalk three hands high, having at the top one or two flowers, and sometimes three, which consisteth of six small leaves checquered most strangely; wherein nature, or rather the Creator of all things, hath kept a very wonderful order, surpassing, as in all other things, the curiosest painting that art can set down. One square is of a greenish-yellow colour, the other purple, keeping the same order as well on the backside of the flower as on the inside, although they are blackish in one square, and of a violet colour in another, insomuch that every leaf seemeth to be the feather of a ginny-hen, whereof it took his name." The dull purple tint of this flower may more fitly indicate that which sprang from the blood of

Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watery shore,

than the pure white of the other.

Hyacinth is the next fabled hero we shall cite as bequeathing his name to a flower; but here is another ambiguity. The sweet-scented flower of various hues, blue, purple, white, or pink, which we thus designate, has, in reality, no claims to this classical appellation. It seems to be now generally admitted that some species of lily, and probably, according to Professor Martyn, that called *Lilium Martagon*, the "scarlet Turk's cap," is the one thus honoured. The colour and scent of the so-called hyacinth, and the fact that it has no dark marks on the petals, would surely imply that it is not that which Virgil describes as "rubens," or "ferrugineus," and of which Ovid says—

Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscript Ai Ai,
Flos habet inscriptum funestaque litera ducta est.

But the colour, the offensive smell, and the deeply stained petals of some of the red lilies, may be well considered as more suitable appendages to a flower of such evil origin. We give this poetical tale in verse, as best suited to its romantic character:

Apollo—
A being fraught with all earth's richest gifts,
Was closely bound in love with Delon's son,
Young Hyacinthus. He, with all the force
Of youth's deep love, was to Apollo knit.
Young Zephyr also loved the noble boy,
And sought return; but youth can never spare
One gleam of love from that one charmed spot
To which its soul is anchored. He was cold,
Nor met young Zephyr's love. Ah! why should love,
That joy of life, that precious comforter,
So often turn to hate? 'Twas thus with that
Of Zephyrus! He hated, and but sought
Fit time to gratify his passionate wrath.
One day, Apollo, who had charge to guide
The boy's young mind through learning's glorious path,
Played with his pupil; Zephyrus was near;
Apollo threw the quoit; then Zephyr, prompt,
Seized on the disk, and bore it through the air
To where the beautiful boy stood, full of life,
And with its fall, laid him a bleeding corpse.
Apollo, mad with ire, beheld the child—
That child within whose heart was garnered up
His own, now lying there mangled and dead!
The legend further tells, that he then raised
That wasted blood, and made this scarlet flower
Spring from the dismal flood, and on its leaves
Impressed the words of grief: "Ai, Ai!"
His bruised, fading body then he took,
And set it in the firmament to shine,
A beaming star for ever, 'mid the host
Of ancient fires that kindle up the night.

The daphne, the myrtle, and many more, all come springing forward in our memory, and claiming a place in our pages. Daphne was a fair nymph, the daughter of the river Peneus by the goddess Terra; and fearing to be overtaken by Apollo, who pursued her, she entreated the gods for aid, and was by them turned into a laurel. Apollo gathered a crown of leaves from his metamorphosed love, and orderd that ever after that tree should be considered as sacred to his divinity. But the daphne is not the plant we usually call the laurel. The former is a most odorous flowering shrub, not even of the laurel tribe. There is no laurel indigenous in Greece; but there is a daphne native in Pontus (*Daphne Pontica*); and this, no doubt, is the plant to which this tradition belongs.

The story of Myrtillus is, that the father of Hippodamia declared that no one should marry his daughter who could not conquer him in a chariot-race; and one of the lovers of the young lady bribed Myrtillus, who was an attendant of Œnomaüs, to take out the linchpin from his master's chariot, by which means the master was killed; and Myrtillus, repenting when he saw him dead, cast himself into the sea, and was afterwards changed by Mercury into this plant, the myrtle, or, as some say, into the whortleberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*).

Of the bladder campion (*Silene inflata*), named after the god Silenus, ancient writers say that it was formerly a youth named Campion, whom Minerva employed to catch flies for her owls to eat during the day, when their eyes did not serve them to catch food for themselves; but Master Campion choosing to indulge himself with a nap, when he ought to have been busy hawking for the wise birds, the angry goddess changed him into this flower, which still retains in its form the bladders in which Campion kept his flies, and droops its head at night when owls fly abroad, and have their eyes about them.

The legend of Clytia, who, irritated and aggrieved by the falsehood of her lover Apollo, pined away, and was changed into a flower; must close our list of antique flower-fables. This flower is usually considered to be the sunflower (*Helianthus*); but it might more properly be said to be the *Helianthemum polifolium*, or white rock-rose, which sheds its leaves when the sun declines; and its snowy and fragile petals are more suitable as a memorial of pining lovers, than is the gorgeous beauty of the flaunting yellow helianthus.

These are a few amongst the mythic tales we find in pagan lore; but the traditions concerning flowers are not confined to the days of Venus and Apollo: much later times furnish us with quaint theories relating to the variations in tint, form, &c., of the subjects of Flora's dominion. Of the wall-flower, that most beautiful as well as most odorous of cruciferous plants, the graceful, though somewhat fanciful, poet Herrick tells us thus:

Why this flower is now called so,
List, sweet maids, and you shall know;
Understand this firstling was,
Once a brisk and bonny lass,
Kept as close as Danæ was;
Who a sprightly springal loved,
And to have it fully proved,
Up she got upon a wall,
Tempting down to slide withal;
But the silken twist untied,
So she fell, and, bruised, she died.
Love, in pity of the deed,
And her loving, luckless speed,
Turned her to this plant we call
Now "The flower of the wall."

The tulip, albeit in its own characteristics not especially suggestive of poetic thoughts, has, nevertheless, been the subject of more interest in later days than perhaps any other flower of modern or ancient celebrity. The *facts*, however, about tulips are well known; but we have one of the prettiest of all *fables* concerning them to narrate—a real fairy tale, quite worth the hearing. Down in the south and west of that fair country, Devonshire, lies a wild and desolate tract of hill-country, called Dartmoor. This district remains in almost primeval simplicity, its deep solitudes but seldom invaded by the foot of man, its few and simple inhabitants almost as uncultured as its wild mountains and morasses. Here, amidst the rough relics of the homes of our ancient British forefathers, linger the remains of the dress and habits of former days; and here, too, are found remnants of the superstitions which prevailed of old.

In one of the sylvan glens which lie amongst these Tor-crowned hills, there lived, once on a time, an old woman, who was the happy owner of a pleasant rustic cottage, with a garden full of sweet flowers. There was the "brave carnatian," rich with its clove-like fragrance; there was the clustering rose, forcing its way over the little porch, and climbing on the dark brown thatch; there, too, was a little rill coursing along the side of the cottage, its rushing waters making sweet melody as they broke over the stony bed through which they ran, and mixing their tones with the song of many birds, and the clear hum of the good old woman's bees, as they gathered honey from the wild-thyme and the dewy foxglove on the hills around. But although, no doubt, all her flowers were charming to the old lady, there was one treasure in the garden which was her chief delight, and exceeded all the others. This was a fine bed of most beautiful streaked tulips, over which she watched with warmest interest. One fine moonlight night, it seems the dame sallied forth to view her property, when her attention was arrested by a sweet gush of soft music, which rose and fell on the air in gentle cadence. It was as if a thousand tiny voices had joined in unison; clear and shrill, as if from the throats of so many grasshoppers, but as soft as if it had been produced by as many little feathered moths. With wonder and delight, the old woman gently drew near to the point whence the harmony seemed to arise, and found that it all emanated from the bells of her own many-coloured tulips, which she could now see bending and waving in the night-breeze. She watched her darling flowers with intense interest, and at last she saw by the light of the moon, then just at its full, that it was not the *wind* that swayed her tulips, but that there were thousands of lovely little beings climbing on the stems and leaves, and clustering amongst the powdery authers of the blossoms, and that each of these tiny creatures held one tinier than itself in its arms. They were the pixies—or fairies, as they are called elsewhere than in Devonshire—who had brought their elfin babes to lay them to sleep in the chambers which these lovely blossoms afforded, and the music was the lullaby with which they were composing their infants for their rest. As soon as the little ones were fast asleep, the old woman saw the parent fays speed away to gambol in the fields around, where they spent the rest of the night in dancing in rings, and other fairy-like diversions, to which the marks on the grass the next morning bore testimony. At the earliest dawn, the old woman — who, of course, kept on her watch all night—saw the elves return to the tulip-bed, and taking up their babies with many kisses and caresses, bear them away to their own domains. Some say that the watcher did not *see* these things, but only heard the sweet music, and the caresses of the parent fays; but on this subject we can give no opinion, for the one statement seems as likely to be true as the other. However it may be, it is said that these favoured flowers retained their beauty much longer than others of their tribe, which is no more than was to be expected; as also that, from the pixies breathing over them, they became as odorous as the Rose of Cashmere.

Whilst the old woman lived, she would not even allow a blossom to be gathered; but at last she died, and her less romantic and more utilitarian successors transmogrified the bed of tulips into a parsley-bed, much to the disgust of the fairies, who caused it to fade and die; and not only so, but they so managed that nothing would grow in that garden for years. But it seems they bore the memory of the old woman, who had thus protected their nursery, in affectionate remembrance—no weed was ever suffered to spring on her grave, but the greenest turf and the fairest flowers were ever found there, though no mortal hand tended the place where she lay; and this state of things continued until it might be supposed that the remains of their friend were wholly decayed, and resolved into the elements out of which they were created; and every month, on the night before the moon was at the full, the grateful sprites might be heard lamenting her loss in tuneful dirges at her grave.—*Chambers's Journal.*

SOULOUQUE'S WEALTH.

WHEN Souloque was chosen Emperor, he was not worth a sous. Even the uniform upon his back may be presumed to have belonged to the government. He is now worth over two millions of dollars. He owns six large distilleries, with sugar plantations attached, for the manufacture of taffia and rum—from fifty to seventy stores and houses, mostly in Port-au-Prince, and is buying or building all the time. He bought a new plantation quite recently, for which he paid $60,000, with the intention, it is said, of attempting the manufacture of sugar, which used to be one of the principal exports of Hayti, but is so no longer.*

The Emperor's tenements are always occupied and always bring comparatively high rents. One reason is, that they are generally better built than other edifices of the same class; another is, probably, that the Emperor has a great many indirect ways of rewarding his tenants who do not object to his terms. One of the largest stores in Port-au-Prince belongs to him, and is occupied by a commission merchant, who is favoured with the privilege of shipping and selling a portion of the coffee fifths. This *bonne bouche* comes ostensibly from the government, but it may be reasonably doubted whether the merchant would be as lucky if he had a different landlord. While the Emperor usually asks higher rents for his buildings than other landlords, they cost him less than they would cost any one else, because he gets labourers for little or nothing. Operatives will work for him at any price when they will work for others at no price. What inducements he brings to bear, besides fear, I am unable to say; but a despot has a thousand ways of protecting himself from a refusal of almost any request he may make of his subjects, without appearing to interfere with their freedom of action.

I understand the Emperor has a large amount of stock quartered about the country, and fattened by the people at no expense whatever to him. I frequently met in the market of Port-au-Prince a prodigious hog, that was known and designated by every one as "the Emperor's hog." It was to be seen in the market every morning, picking up the garbage which it found there, and of which it enjoyed the monopoly, no other hog being admitted by the police or the market people to share that privilege. No one dared annoy him, while many, anxious to have a friend at court, even if it were only a hog, would throw him something now and then, from which, with the garbage which naturally accumulates in the markets, he contrived to keep in admirable condition. He was about the most popular and inoffensive court favourite I ever saw.

Besides his real estate, the Emperor derives a large private income by indirect processes which are not so easily reconciled with sound notions of political economy. I will mention two or three of them. The principal export of Hayti, as my readers are doubtless already aware, is coffee, of which upwards of 19,000,000 lbs. are exported to the United States annually. The government exacts the privilege of appropriating one-fifth of all the coffee delivered for exportation, on the payment of a merely nominal price—about 2 1-2 cents a pound. This fifth is weighed out at the government warehouses, and shipped on government account to some foreign market for sale. Most of it comes to the United States. It yields from six to eight hundred thousand dollars annually, of which, however, no account is rendered to the public. It is generally understood that what does not stick to the fingers of the government's agents goes to the Emperor and his dependants. The Lloyds, an English house which has been established for many years in Port-au-Prince, and which has made prodigious fortunes for several of its members, are the agents of the government for the sale of their fifths, and in consideration of the privilege of charging twice as much freight and commissions as any other commission houses charge in the ordinary course of their business, they hand over the net proceeds to their principal, without asking any superfluous questions. It is supposed that the Emperor receives from this source something over half a million of dollars a year. The cost of separating and weighing these fifths, and Lloyds's enormous commissions for selling them in a foreign market, are a serious loss to Hayti; for, in the first place, all the commissions might be saved by selling the fifths in the Haytian market, where the demand is permanent and active; and in the next place, they would supply material for remittances, which have to be made not unfrequently in specie, to the great inconvenience of the shipper. The loss falls finally, of course, upon the Haytian peasants, for the merchants, in graduating their prices for coffee, expect to indemnify themselves for the fifth, of which they know they will be robbed. In view of these facts, one would suppose that the fifths would be sold where they could be sold to the best advantage—to the Haytian commission merchant. But there is one capital objection to this plan; the people would then have a means of ascertaining the amount of money realized from the sale—a species of information which the government has no desire to see diffused. Hence it is sent away in small parcels, at different times and by different vessels, so that none but the government agents can form any definite idea of the amount of coffee exported for government account, and still less of the amount in money realized from the sales.

There is yet another way in which this thrifty ruler swells his income without resorting to the odious system of legalized taxation. When he wishes to reward a friend, political or personal, and sometimes when he has occasion merely to pay a personal debt, he has a way of giving them what is called a "*commande*." That is, he authorizes the favourite to purchase for the government some article in large quantities at an extravagant price, the quantity and price depending upon the extent of the obligation he wishes to cancel rather than the needs of the service. The favourite or creditor immediately takes this *commande* to some commission merchant, and sells it for about half its face in cash; and after paying a portion of the proceeds to the Emperor, pockets the rest, leaving usually much the largest portion of the profits to the commission merchant, and almost a total loss of the amount contracted for, to be sustained by the people, very few of whom ever hear or know anything of these rogueries. This mode of raising money and of rewarding favourites was found to be so easy and so profitable that it was resorted to without much caution or discretion, and in process of time government bonds of this description got into general circulation. The abuse, however, received a very severe check, about eight months since, under circumstances which, as I had them from a perfectly authentic source, are worth relating. The Emperor wished to give a plum to one Madame Faubert, the daughter, I believe, of the deceased President Petion; he therefore gave her an order to purchase 6,000 flints for the government at six cents apiece. Her son was a clerk in the department where these orders were registered by the government, and it became his duty to enter it. But feeling a pardonable desire that his mother should make a good thing out of the operation, he entered the order for 60,000,000 instead of 6,000 flints, and, that the fraud might escape detection, at least until after the *commande* had been sold and cashed, he did not enter it upon the books in its regular order, but, turning back several days, entered it in a blank space of a previous date, where it was little likely to be observed. He then took the *commande* to Messrs. Roberts, Naphew & Co., an English house, who have made a large fortune, almost exclusively as dealers in this kind of property, and sold it for $10,000 in cash.

My readers, I presume, are aware that all the markets of the world could not supply 60,000,000 of flints; that if they could, no one nation in the world could possibly have any use for one-hundredth part of them; and if they had, six cents apiece was just about fifty times as much as they were worth. One would have supposed that all these circumstances would have put any intelligent merchant upon his guard, and yet Mr. Roberts, who is a shrewd and intelligent man, not only advanced $10,000 in cash for the order, but started at once for the United States to fill it. From which facts you may rightfully infer that the common law doctrine of *caveat emptor* does not apply at all to this kind of traffic in Hayti. No one expects the articles thus ordered to bear any proportion to the wants of the government, nor the prices offered to bear any proportion to their real value. It never occurred, therefore, in this case to suspect that any fraud had been practised upon the government because it had apparently undertaken to pay $3,600,000 for flints. Mr. Roberts exhausted the markets of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, but, fortunately for him, succeeded in getting only about thirty hogsheads, which he shipped with all despatch to Port-au-Prince, rightfully presuming, I suppose, that that amount would afford the Emperor's belligerent propensities at least a temporary relief.

Upon their arrival the contractor asked to have them entered free, because they were for the government. The amount of the invoice aroused the curiosity of the Collector, and upon inquiring at head-quarters the iniquity was traced to its origin. Orders were immediately given that the flints should not be landed. The consequence was that they were reshipped to the United States, where they were sold for what they would bring. Mr. Roberts bought them at the rate of ten for a penny; could he have bought the remainder at the same rate, the whole would have cost him but $60,000; adding the $10,000 which he gave for the order, makes a cost of $70,000 for a contract by which government became bound to pay him $3,600,000. How the Messrs. Roberts, Naphew & Co. came out of the matter finally I do not know, but they say, what I can readily believe, that they never saw the first penny of their $10,000 advance; and I ascertained from other sources that the enterprising young man, whose affection for his mother found such an ingenious mode of expressing itself, is still in the employ of the government.

It is impossible to form any reliable estimate of the amount which the Emperor receives from these sources. Formerly it was doubtless a very considerable sum annually, but he is now paying the penalty of his folly, for the bonds of the government are hardly worth the paper they are written on. Such quantities were thrown upon the market that the government was obliged, in self-defence, to refuse to receive them in pay for duties, except in very small proportions, and required the balance, at least half, to be paid in gold or silver. I have understood that no new bonds of this description have been issued of late, and that the Emperor has determined that no more shall issue. What will become of those already in the market it is difficult to say. Some will be paid to the government for duties, some will be lost, some will be worn out, and the balance will, one of these days, probably be repudiated.

The accumulation of money, "acquisitiveness," as the phrenologists term it, is the Emperor's besetting infirmity. All his thoughts and energies are directed to the gratification of this passion. It is responsible for all that is worst in his public policy. If he should ever lose his crown by violence, I venture to say that his avarice will be the proximate cause. I am told that he has a small house or vault constructed in his palace for the safe keeping of his money, and that he has over six millions of francs stored there in gold and silver. This is a dangerous possession for a ruler whose throne is so feebly supported as Souloque's, and may seduce into the revolutionary ranks many who are more anxious to assist in dividing his treasure than in changing their ruler.—*J. B's. Notes of a Tour in Hayti.—Evening Post.*

*Not only is none exported, but I learned to my surprise that there is not a pound of white sugar made on the whole island. All the sugar-cane that is grown here now is converted into rum and molasses, and consumed by the natives and residents.

There is no country in the world better adapted by nature for the growth and manufacture of sugar than Hayti. In 1791 it exported 163,406,230 lbs. This export has ceased, not because the soil is less fruitful or the climate less propitious, but for reasons at which I can only glance in this letter. The manufacture of sugar requires continuous and faithful labour at stated seasons. If the cane is not cropped as soon as it is ripe, it deteriorates; and if it is not ground without delay after it is cut, it sours. Unless, therefore, the planter can command the necessary labour when he requires it, he cannot make good sugar. In Hayti, everybody is a soldier from fifteen years upwards, and is liable to be called into service at any time. The planter is liable, therefore, at the moment when he stands most in need of his men, to have them all taken from him by an imperial warrant, against which it is idle to struggle. Why it is submitted to, and why the government persists in a system which is rapidly impoverishing the country, I will explain in a future letter. I will here merely say that, strange and paradoxical as it may appear, their submissiveness to this apparent tyranny is one of the most striking evidences they could possibly give of their inextinguishable hatred of slavery.

LORD BYRON'S THEFT OF A SILVER PENCIL CASE.

"THE anecdote told in the last chapter revived my uncle's recollection of several instances of my early impetuosity; among which was a rencontre with Lord Byron, while that poet was residing at his villa on the slope of Monte Negro, near Leghorn, which he took the liberty to narrate to Mr. Gray.

"A commercial house in that port, in which my uncle had some interest, was the noble lord's banker—and one day, while my relative and the poet were inspecting some boxes recently arrived from Greece, I was despatched to see them safely deposited in the warehouse. Suddenly Lord Byron demanded a pencil. My uncle had none with him, but remembering that I had lately been presented one in a handsome silver case, requested the loan of it. Now, as this was my first silver possession, I was somewhat reluctant to let it leave my possession even for a moment, and handed it to his lordship with a bad grace. When the poet had made his memorandum, he paused a moment as if lost in thought, and then very unceremoniously, but doubtless in a fit of abstraction—put the pencil in his pocket. If I had already visited America at that time, it is likely that I would have warned the Englishman of his mistake on the spot; but as children in the Old World are rather more curbed in their intercourse with elders than on this side of the Atlantic, I bore the forgetfulness as well as I could until next morning. Summoning all my resolution I repaired, without my uncle's knowledge, to the poets house at an early hour, and after much difficulty was admitted to his room. He was still in bed. Everybody has heard of Byron's peevishness when disturbed or intruded on. He demanded my business in a petulant and offensive tone. I replied respectfully, that on the preceding day I loaned him a *silver* pencil—strongly emphasizing and repeating the word *silver*—which I was grieved to say, he forgot to return.

Byron reflected a moment, and then declared he had restored it to me on the spot! I mildly but firmly denied the fact; while his lordship as sturdily reasserted it. In a short time we were both in such a passion that Byron commanded me to leave the room. I edged out of the apartment with the slow defying air of angry boyhood; but when I reached the door I suddenly turned, and looking at him with all the bitterness I felt for his nation, called him, in French, "an English hog!" Till then our quarrel had been waged in Italian. Hardly were the words out of my mouth when his lordship leaped from the bed, and in the scantiest drapery imaginable, seized me by the collar, inflicting such a shaking as I would willingly have exchanged for a Tertian ague from the Pontine marshes. The sudden air bath probably cooled his choler, for, in a few moments, we found ourselves in a pacific explanation about the luckless pencil. Hitherto I had not mentioned my uncle; but the moment I stated the relationship, Byron became pacified and credited my story. After searching his pockets once more ineffectually for the lost *silver*, he presented his own *gold* pencil instead, and requested me to say why I cursed him *in French*.

"My father was a Frenchman my lord," said I.

"And your mother?"

"She is an Italian, sir."

"Ah! no wonder, then, you called me an 'English hog.' The hatred runs in the blood; you could not help it."

After a moment's hesitation he continued—still pacing the apartment in his night linen—"You don't like the English, do you my boy?"

"No," said I, "I don't."

"Why?" returned Byron quietly;

"Because my father died fighting them," replied I.

"Then youngster, you have a *right* to hate them," said the poet, as he put me gently out of the door, and locked in on the inside.

"A week after one of the porters of my uncle's warehouse offered to sell at an exorbitant price, what he called 'Lord Byron's Pencil,' declaring that his lordship had presented it to him. My uncle was on the eve of bargaining with the man when he perceived his own initials on the silver. In fact it was my lost gift. Byron in his abstraction, had evidently mistaken the porter for myself; so the servant was rewarded with a trifling gratuity, while my *virtuoso* uncle took the liberty to appropriate the golden relic of Byron to himself, and put me off with the humbler remembrance of his honoured name."—*Captam Canot's, or Twenty Years of an African Slaver.*

GRANVILLE SHARP.

"THE lives of some men may be contemplated in their opinions and private studies; of others, in their exertions and public concerns. It is rarely that the world beholds the union of unceasing action and unwearied study; still more rarely does it enjoy the sight of such united power devoting itself, at once meekly and resolutely, in the fear of God, to the best good of man. Yet such was the character of Granville Sharp."

Such are the remarks made by the biographer of Mr. Sharp in entering upon the consideration of his character—a character to which I feel, with depressing sensibility, no justice can be done in the short space allotted to these biographical notices. He was the son of the Rev. Thomas Sharp, Archdeacon of Northumberland, and was born in Durham, on the 10th of November, 1735. In 1750 he left Durham, having been apprenticed to a linen draper of London. At the end of his apprenticeship, he engaged in a linen factory, and it was at this period he made his first advances in learning. Having a series of controversies with a scholar in London, whose name is not given, upon some disputed doctrines in the New Testament, his antagonist demed the correctness of our translation; whereupon, Mr. Sharp, with that singleness of purpose which attended him through life, to spare no labours to ascertain the truth, immediately set upon the study of Greek, and with so much success that he some years afterwards published a small work upon the Greek Article. A controversy of a similar character with a learned Jew, led him to the study of the Hebrew language.

In June, 1758, he obtained a subordinate appointment in the Ordnance office. From this time to 1765, little is known of him, except that he was pushing his studies in the ancient languages, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, with untiring industry. In this latter year, a circumstance happened which gave a new direction to his whole life, and which has caused him to be looked up to by a grateful posterity as the pioneer in the great and glorious reform, then commenced, of the abolition of slavery in England; then of the abolition of the slave trade; and finally, in 1834, of the abolition of slavery throughout the whole extent of the British empire.

In 1765, a man by the name of Lisle had brought to England, from Barbadoes, an African, whom he claimed as his slave, by the name of Jonathan Strong. He treated him in a very cruel manner, and beat him so severely over the head as to cause his head to swell; from this a serious disorder fell into his eyes, and he was abandoned by his master to the charities of the world. In this situation he applied to Wm. Sharp, surgeon, the brother of Granville, and in process of time was cured. When cured, his so-called owner, who had, in his sickness, abandoned him, met him, and seeing him so well and strong, claimed him as his property. He fled to some friends for protection, and the knowledge of his case soon came to the ears of Granville Sharp, and enlisted all the energies of his soul. Suffice it to say that, by great exertions, he finally obtained the full release of the man.

But Mr. Sharp saw that the case of poor Strong was but one of many similar cases that existed in England, and of his labours in this great department of humanity, we will quote the words of the *Edinburgh Review*:

"Regardless of the dangers to which he exposed himself, both in his person and his fortune, Mr. Sharp stood forward in every case as the courageous friend of the poor Africans in England, in direct opposition to an opinion of Yorke and Talbot, the attorney and solicitor general for the time being. This opinion had been acted upon; and so high was its authority that, after it had been made public, it was held as the settled law of the land, that a slave, neither by baptism nor arrival in Great Britain or Ireland, acquires freedom, but may be legally forced back to the plantations. Discouraged by Judge Blackstone, and several other eminent lawyers, Mr. Sharp devoted three years of his life to the study of the English law, that he might render himself the more effectual advocate of these friendless strangers. In his work, entitled 'A Representative of the Injustice and Dangerous Tendency of tolerating Slavery in England,' published in the year 1769, and afterwards, in his learned and laborious 'Inquiry into the Principles of Villanage,' he refuted the opinion of Yorke and Talbot by unanswerable arguments, and neutralized their authority by the counter-opinion of the great Lord Chief Justice Holt, who many years before had decided that, as force could be used against no man in England without a legal process, every slave coming into England became free, inasmuch as the laws of England recognised the distinction between person and property as perpetual and sacred. Finally, in the great case of Somerset, which was argued at three different sittings, in January, in February, and in May of the year 1772 (the opinion of the judges having been taken upon the pleadings), it was at last ascertained and declared to be the law of the land, that, as soon as ever any slave set his foot upon English territory, he became free. Among the heroes and sages of British story, we can think of few whom we should feel a greater glow of honest pride in claiming as an ancestor, than the man to whom we owe our power of repeating with truth—

'Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.'"

After this, Mr. Sharp interested himself very much in the cause of slavery in America, and corresponded with that great-hearted philanthropist Anthony Benezet, with Dr. Franklin, Dr. Rush and others. During all this time he was merely a clerk in the Ordnance office; but an incident soon occurred which prevented him from remaining in it any longer—an incident which showed a scrupulous integrity, a transparent beauty of character, as rare as it is delightful to behold. He had long witnessed with great solicitude the difficulties between England and her then American colonies, and sympathized entirely with the latter, justly holding the sentiment "our country, right or wrong," to be an abominable one. Accordingly, in 1774, he published a work entitled "A Declaration of the People's Natural Rights to a share in the Legislature," the very thing for which WE so strenuously contended. When, therefore, hostilities actually occurred, and he saw that he would be obliged, by his official station, to be instrumental in furnishing munitions of war to the troops of his own country, which he deemed to be in the wrong, he at once resigned his public office, though he had been in it nearly twenty years, and was fitted for no other employment—had none in view—and had spent all his paternal inheritance, and the excess of his salary above his own wants, in acts of benevolence and philanthropy. How refreshing to witness such instances of strictly conscientious conduct! But that God in whom he trusted did not leave him to want. His brothers, who were in comfortable circumstances, highly applauded his course, and cordially invited him to partake of their bounty to any extent, and for any duration. He accepted their kind invitation for the time, and devoted himself to literary pursuits.

Granville Sharp now took an increased interest in the abolition of the slave trade, in connection with which an instance of horrible cruelty had been brought to light, which has hardly its parallel on the pages of history. The ship Zong sailed from Africa, with 440 slaves on board, for the island of Jamaica. Many had died on the voyage, and when they got in sight of Jamaica a large number were sick. "The master of the ship then called together the officers, and told them that, if the sick slaves die a natural death, the loss would fall on the owners of the ship, but if they were *thrown alive into the sea*, it would be the loss of the underwriters." Accordingly, they proceeded to their horrid work, and actually threw overboard into the sea ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO HUMAN BEINGS, ALIVE! This, as might be supposed, did much to arouse the nation to the character of the abominable traffic, and Granville Sharp never ceased labouring for the abolition till he saw the object of his wishes attained.

Another event which distinguishes the life of Mr. Sharp, occurred about the year 1787—it was the foundation of the colony of free blacks at Sierra Leone. In consequence of his own benevolent exertions, a large number of slaves had been freed in England, and being brought up to no trade, they became more or less dependent on public charity. These he had sent to Sierra Leone at his own expense, and thus may be considered as the FOUNDER OF THE COLONY AT THAT PLACE. In the same year the society was formed in London for the abolition of the slave trade, of which Mr. Sharp was a prominent member, and in which he continued to labour with unabated zeal till his death. Soon after this, a number of Christians of different denominations conferred together about forming a Bible Society, which resulted in the establishment of the "British and Foreign Bible Society," in 1804, of which Mr. Sharp was the first chairman. "Perhaps it would not have been possible," says Mr. Owen, the historian of the society, "to find, throughout the British dominions, a man in whom the qualities requisite for the first chairman of the British and Foreign Bible Society were so completely united as they were in this eminent philanthropist." But it is not possible, in our limited space, to go further into detail in the life of this excellent man. Suffice it to say that in every good cause—in everything that tends to honour God and bless man—he took the deepest interest, and laboured to the extent of his powers to the day of his death, which took place on the 6th of July, 1813.

It is unnecessary to write a eulogy upon Mr. Sharp's character. What it was will be sufficiently seen from this brief sketch of his life. As a scholar he stood very high; indeed, it was wonderful how he accomplished so much in literature, while he laboured so assiduously in every prominent object of benevolence. But though his writings were numerous, and had many readers at the time, and exerted great influence, yet, as most of them were pamphlets, and were written for temporary purposes, they are not much referred to now. Among them, however, are many that are not ephemeral. Such are his "Remarks on Several Important Prophecies," "Remarks on the Use of the Definite Article in